

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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"ALWAYS WITH US."

Oh, Charity, of virtues first —
 Oh, holy prompting of the heart,
 That bids us choose the better part,
 But most in Heaven's mercy trust !
 For mercy every night we pray;
 We daily ask that Heaven's decree
 May lightly fall on us, as we
 Our duty to our fellows pay.
 But in our daily life we see
 Great Sin that stalks around us still,
 And yet we show nor way nor will
 To prove our Christian charity.
 Shall fellow-creatures fall away,
 And we put forth no hand to save
 From death, and death beyond the grave,
 God's images in kindred clay?
 Like Cain, we ask that question still —
 "Our brother's keeper how are we?"
 And though we murder not as he,
 Our Abels by neglect we kill.
 The City's alleys, foul and damp,
 Show sights to give the angels awe, —
 Sad rebels 'gainst the Christian law,
 Defacements of the Almighty stamp !
 These are our sisters on the earth,
 Our sisters in the world to come;
 Yet our fraternal hearts are dumb,
 And feel no pulse of foster-birth.
 We shrug our shoulders when we meet,
 Our garments gather lest we touch;
 We will not own that any such
 Are more than dust below our feet.
 We mutter in 'side-whispered talk,
 "How dreadful is this City's sin !"
 We — in our wealth of warmth within;
 They — pacing wearily the walk,
 With awful eyes, and hungry glare,
 Still seeking what they may devour,
 With more of horror in an hour
 Than we in half a life could bear.
 Whose is the greater sin, — or ours,
 Or theirs? We are not tried as they,
 Whose living deaths from day to day
 Make torture of those even hours,
 Which gracious Heaven permits to glide
 In quiet comfort o'er our heads,
 Who, sleeping soft in downy beds,
 Regard our easy lot with pride;
 As if ourselves that lot had made,
 Had gained it by our proper skill,
 And Heaven had merely to fulfil
 The claims consistent with our grade.
 As if, assured of granted grace,
 We knew our sins already shriven;
 And, holding heritage in Heaven,
 But waited to assume our place.
 Christians of course, but all our years
 Forgetful of our Saviour's law,
 Who, when the Magdalen He saw
 Washing His feet with bitter tears,

Forgave her sin, and changed her lot,
 And raised her up, and bade her go
 In peace, and taught us all below
 A lesson we have nigh forgot.

And, "always with us," still we find
 These ever-present at our side,
 Yet from our hearts the truth we hide,
 That we and they are Christian-kind.

Ah, that His light would shine again,
 To show us where our duty lies,
 And wake compassion in our days
 Like that which shone from His at Nain !
 Churchman's Family Magazine.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

THE Queen is proud on her throne,
 And proud are her maids so fine,
 But the proudest lady that ever was known,
 Is a little lady of mine.
 And oh ! she flouts me, she flouts me !
 And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me !
 Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
 And beg and beseech with the saddest face,
 Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the calendar,
 A lily's almost as tall;
 But ah ! this little lady's by far
 The proudest lady of all.
 It's her sport and pleasure to flout me !
 To spurn, and scorn, and scout me !
 But ah ! I've a notion it's nought but play,
 And that, say what she will and feign what she
 may,
 She can't well do without me.

When she rides on her nag, away,
 By park, and road, and river,
 In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,
 Oh ! then she's prouder than ever !
 And oh ! what faces, what faces !
 What petulant, pert grimaces !
 Why, the very pony prances and winks,
 And tosses his head, and plainly thinks
 He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times like a pleasant tune,
 A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;
 Oh ! then she's sunny as skies of June,
 And all her pride forsakes her.
 Oh ! she dances around me so fairly !
 Oh ! her laugh rings out so rarely !
 Oh ! she coaxes, and nestles, and purrs, and
 pries,
 In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
 And owns she loves me dearly.

Ay, the Queen is proud on her throne,
 And proud are her maids so fine;
 But the proudest lady that ever was known,
 Is this little lady of mine.
 Good luck ! she flouts me, she flouts me !
 She spurns, and scorns, and scouts me !
 But ah ! I've a notion it's nought but play,
 And that, say what she will and think what she
 may,
 She can't well do without me.

From The Quarterly Review.

A Memoir of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.
By the Countess of Minto. Edinburgh,
1868.

WE should be sorry to chill the hopes or cloud the prospects of a distinguished and popular class of public servants, but we are afraid that diplomacy has seen its best days; and that if steam, electricity, and responsible government have not proved its ruin, they are rapidly accelerating its decline. An ambassador at a corrupt or despotic Court, several days' or weeks' journey from his own country, had ample scope for the display of tact, insight into character, knowledge of affairs, and even statesmanship. He had to deal with favourites, as well as with ministers of state. He had to humour caprices, and watch for happy moments—the *mollia tempora fandi*—as well as to draw up protocols or dictate despatches. Instead of telegraphing for instructions, he was obliged to act upon his own judgment and responsibility on the spur of the occasion, when haply the fate of kingdoms depended on the success or failure of an intrigue. It was a mistress, Madame de Pompadour, irritated by some contemptuous expressions imprudently let drop by Frederic the Great, that induced France to join the combination against him in the Seven Years' War; and many similar instances might be adduced in favour of Voltaire's well-known theory of causation in history—that great events are brought about by small things. When empires were ruled by loose or capricious women, there were no bounds to the influence which an accomplished and quick-witted man of the world might exercise; and prior to the French Revolution a Court or Government controlled by reason, or anything that could be called policy, was rather the exception than the rule. 'Many men, in all nations, long for peace,' says Carlyle, speaking of 1759; 'but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not: their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing.' These three women were Elizabeth of Russia, Maria Theresa, and Madame Pompadour.

'Ah, my friend! [writes Madame du Barri] who would have told me in my fifteenth year

that the day would come when I should be obliged to mix diplomacy with every action of my life? There were moments when, dismissing the anxieties caused me by these trickeries, I burst out laughing to think that I was directing the most important interests in concert with foreign ambassadors and ministers. Behold me surrounded by the Pope's Nuncio, Monseigneur Giraud, Archbishop of Damas; the Count of Marcy Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador; the English Ambassador, Viscount Stormont; M. de Monecigno; and all the other great and petty members of the diplomatic body. How sly I was with that Moncenigo, who was sly in everything. How reserved I was with Lord Stormont, who phlegmatically tried to win me over to the interests of England. He was eternally hanging about me. I could not guess the reason of his tiresome assiduity. At last, one fine day, he told me that his Court desired to give me proofs of its good-will, that it contemplated offering me an annual present worthy of it and me. "My Lord," I replied, in a severe tone, "the woman whom the King of France honours with his friendship is rich enough to make presents, and esteems herself sufficiently to receive none!"'

A pupil in the Chesterfield school would have avoided such a blunder, and this was the school in which the most renowned diplomatists of the eighteenth century were brought up. The Prince de Broglie, who dates (and, we think, a little antedates) the subversive change in diplomacy from the French Revolution, speaks thus of its professors or practitioners prior to 1789:—

'Their memory was a gallery of living portraits, and their conversation, studded over with the most august names, but marked by a discreet malignity, resembled that which is often carried on in the vestibule about the *habitués* of the château. There is nothing offensive in such a comparison. During a *régime* under which kings represented the entire State, faithful domestic service without meanness was a natural form of patriotism. A large portion of their wandering lives was also spent in the pursuit of sensuality and elegance, in sumptuous fêtes, where they were hosts and guests by turns, wherever they pitched their tents. They gave the signal for pleasure. Strange pastime, it will be said, for the depositaries of the destinies of nations. But this judgment would be as superficial as pedantic; for if their policy was frivolous, their frivolity was still oftener political. These diversions were but an occasion for en-

countering on the pacific territory of a salon, in the midst of songs, flowers, and festivity, the rival of the eve become the doubtful friend of the morning; to observe him when off his guard in the whirl of dissipation, and by the charm of private relations to soften the too rude conduct, and deaden the too clashing contact, of public interests. Besides, what ease in sustaining the weight of the heaviest affairs! what art in untying the knots! What reserve, exempt from restraint in the *laisser-aller* of a trifling or animated conversation! What strategy hidden under the mask of good-humour! What finesse in insinuation! What vivacity in the repartee! Entrusted to these light hands, the stormy communication of nations retained to the very eve of armed conflict, and resumed on the very morrow of battle, the character of graceful amenity befitting the commerce of men of high rank and similar education.*

He adds, with something like a sigh of regret:—

‘Our generation has seen the wrecks of this artificial and brilliant group, to which the Restoration of 1815 brought back some days of transitory *éclat*. The spectacle was curious, and I like to recall the memory of it, more especially now that this product of another age of the world has been buried forever under successive layers of revolutions.’

In the course of a valuable paper on ‘The Diplomatic Service,’ Sir Henry Bulwer plausibly contends that the result of the alteration should be increased care in the choice of our diplomatic agents, and a marked improvement in their character:—

‘The affairs which were lispingly discussed in the lady’s chamber are now seriously debated in the representative assembly; and the secrets timidly uttered round the fauteuil of the Minister are publicly printed in the daily papers. The nation is no longer circumscribed within the limits of a Court. It is necessary, then, that diplomacy should become acquainted with the nation itself.’

This raises a grave and difficult question upon which we are not at present disposed to enter. The sole point to which we wish to direct attention is that the new school rarely requiring, will rarely be chosen for, the personal qualities which create interest or be frequently placed in circumstances

* ‘La Diplomatie et Le Droit Nouveau.’ Par Albert de Broglie. Paris, 1868.

which give piquancy to private correspondence or memoirs: that the old school are practically extinct already; and that consequently a real service to historical and biographical literature is rendered by any one who rescues from oblivion an active and varied diplomatic career of the olden time. Such a career cannot fail to illustrate the manners and morals as well as the political annals of the period; and such a career pre-eminently fitted to amuse and instruct, is now before us in ‘A Memoir of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot,’ by the Countess of Minto.

The subject of this memoir was by no means a model diplomatist. Some of his best as well as his exceptionable qualities were ill-suited to the vocation. He was high-spirited, impulsive, and imprudent, as well as clear-sighted, sagacious, and quick-witted. His self-indulgent habits, with his incurable irregularity, formed a grave drawback to his imperturbable presence of mind, his chivalrous courage, his varied acquirements, his ready wit, his powers of conversation, and his admitted charm of manner. But if this sort of man occasionally gets into difficulties by overstepping the conventional line, he has also methods of his own for getting out of them; and his biography, besides being the more interesting in itself, is so much the better adapted for placing in broad relief the peculiarities of the Courts to which he was successively accredited.

His character being of this composite sort, the duty of evolving and portraying it has fortunately been undertaken by a granddaughter who has inherited its brightest points, is on a par with him in fancy, feeling, and accomplishments, can follow him in his most discursive flights, and appreciate him in his most erratic moods. Her materials, independent of family traditions and reminiscences, consist of two portions or classes of correspondence: the first, composed of letters written by or relating to Mr. Elliot; the second, of letters private and official, written to him at different periods. These fill several volumes, and the nicest discrimination was required in dealing with them; but not only are the selections made with excellent judgment and unimpeachable good taste,—they are pointed by reflections, and connected by

additional matter, in a way to give unbroken continuity to the narrative. Consciously, or unconsciously, whilst professing merely to edit 'Notes from Minto Manuscripts,' Lady Minto produced a valuable memoir, when, under this title, she printed the substance of the work before us for private circulation, in 1862. It now, in its completed shape, presents a full-length and striking portrait of a remarkable member of a remarkable race. The very sarcasm levelled at the Elliots in the palmy days of Whig patronage, as 'The Scotch Greys,' was in some sort a recognition of their talents and energy.

The Right Honourable Hugh Elliot, who concluded a distinguished career of public service as Governor of Madras, was the second son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, the third baronet, whose family was ennobled in the person of the fourth baronet of the same name in 1797.* He was one of five children—two brothers, two sisters, and himself. He was born in 1752, but Lady Minto has been unable to discover anything material relating to him prior to 1762. The first ten years are almost a blank; the family correspondence is entirely silent as to their domestic doings. 'In none is there any allusion to favourite haunts, to gardens or grounds, to dependents or pets, nothing to show affection for home as a place. Strong family affection, however, has been ever the characteristic of the race.' Lady Minto delicately suggests, that, if the unsettled life of the parents, divided between London, Edinburgh, and two or three other places, will not account for the phenomenon, it is possible that the home itself may not have been of the kind to make itself remembered with unmixed pleasure. 'Sir Gilbert' (she says) 'was a grave, highly cultivated man, immersed in politics, and, like all fathers of his time, seems to have inspired his family with as much awe

as admiration. Lady Elliot, clever, high-spirited, and imaginative, was not, like one who filled her place in after years,

"Blessed with a temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

To a want therefore of home sunshine, it is possible that we may in part ascribe the fact that the letters written from home deal chiefly with news, with politics, or with advice, while those addressed there by the absent sons are confined to matters affecting their studies and pursuits.'

The two elder brothers, Gilbert and Hugh, were brought up together. From 1762 to 1764 they were under the care of a private tutor, Mr. (after Sir Robert) Liston, at Twickenham. Towards the end of 1764 they were placed in a military school near Paris, where they had Mirabeau for a schoolfellow, and David Hume, to whom they were specially commended, as a protector and friend. At the end of two years (1766) they were removed to Edinburgh, where they pursued a multiplicity of studies, natural and moral philosophy, mathematics, chemistry, classics, &c., under the superintendence of Professor George Stuart, besides taking lessons in drawing, fencing and dancing. In 1768 they went to Oxford and were entered at Christ-church, which was then, as now, the college most in request for young men of family and fortune. Hugh did not keep terms enough to entitle him to a degree, and in 1770 we find him and his brother at Paris, mixing in that society which has been so happily lit off in two sentences by Sydney Smith: 'There used to be in Paris, under the ancient régime, a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers. Among these supped and sinned Madame d'Espinau, the friend and companion of Rousseau, Diderot, Grimm, Holbach, and many other literary persons of distinction.' This was the lady who especially attracted Gilbert, and the brothers were favoured guests in the salons of Madame du Deffand, Madame Geoffrin, and the rest of the 'pleasant but wrong' set to which Sydney Smith alludes. Their reception by Horace Walpole, then at Paris, was characteristic: 'As soon as we were equipped,' writes Hugh, 'we

* Long prior to this creation the family had belonged to the Scotch *Noblesse de robe*. The first baronet (creation of 1700) held the title of Lord Minto as a Lord of Session, and was subsequently appointed Lord Justice Clerk. The second was also appointed Lord Justice Clerk, and held the same title. The first Earl was successively viceroy of Corsica, envoy-extraordinary to Vienna, president of the Board of Control, and Governor General of Bengal. General Elliot, Lord Heathfield, was descended from a common ancestor.

waited on Mr. Walpole, who seems to be as dry and cold a kind of gentleman as ever I saw. He cleared up a little when he heard that we had some French acquaintance, and did not depend entirely upon him for introduction.' In the same letter he describes their visit to Madame de Boufflers, whom they found at her studies in her bedchamber, and were told by her, after talking about English and Scotch authors, that, if she had time, she would set about translating Adam Smith's 'Moral Sentiments,' giving as a reason, '*il a des idées si justes de la sympathie.*'

In the autumn of 1770 Hugh, instead of returning to Oxford with his brother, proceeded to Metz, where a camp had been formed for the instruction of the Duc de Chartres, to study military tactics; for his chosen profession was the army, and the compulsory change of destination was the first and greatest disappointment of his life. In strict keeping with the practice of this period, Scott describes Waverly as joining his regiment a captain, 'the intervening steps of cornet and lieutenant being overleapt without difficulty;' and Hugh Elliot expected to begin active service in the command of a company. So early as 1762, being then in his tenth year, he had been nominated to an ensigncy in a newly-raised regiment by the colonel, General Scott, and in accordance with the usual privilege or (more correctly speaking) traditional abuse, his time would have counted from the date of the commission, and his promotion have gone on precisely as if he had never been absent from his duties. It is a curious circumstance connected with this nomination that it was denounced by Wilkes in the famous No. 45 of the 'North Briton.' Whether on account of the resulting notoriety, or from an unwonted impulse of public virtue, or some less justifiable and more occult motive, Lord Barrington, Secretary of War when Hugh proposed to join, refused to ratify the appointment, and the utmost degree of favour that could be obtained for him was the nominal rank of captain, which it was hoped would enable him to enter a foreign army with advantage. In this, too, he was disappointed; and it is strange that he and his friends should have been so imperfectly acquainted with the rules of the Austrian service as to suppose that they would or could be set aside in favour of a young foreigner, be his personal recommendations what they might.

Although he failed in his main object of entering the Austrian army with rank, he had every reason to congratulate himself on his visit to Vienna, where he added largely

to his military knowledge, made valuable friends, and left the best possible impression of his disposition and accomplishments. At that time, remarks Lady Minto, his love for the profession of arms amounted to a passion, and, resolved to gratify it at all hazards, he proceeded from Vienna to Warsaw to place his sword at the disposal of Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, whose Court is truly described as then the most brilliant and dissipated in Europe, although his dominions were overrun by the armies of three great Powers, and both throne and monarchy were tottering to their fall. Considering the heroic efforts and terrible sacrifices of the Poles so repeatedly renewed since their cause has been utterly hopeless, it is a fair subject of speculation why they were incapable of striking a bold blow for their independence, when, although gravely threatened, it was still unshaken and entire. In September, 1772, Hugh Elliot writes to his father:

'I have met with a very favourable reception here. The King's person and manner are strikingly engaging and manly. I never was so moved with any scene as with the first aspect of this Court. Remorse or despair got the better of the forced cheerfulness with which they endeavour to veil the approach of ruin, slavery, and oppression. But these only prompt them to complaints; not one man is bold enough to draw his sword in the common cause. All the blood that has been shed in the numberless confederations was only the consequence of private piques and jealousies, fomented by the intrigues of France.

'I could not help expressing my surprise to the King (the last time I was with him) that he did not raise his standard in some part of the kingdom, as I was sure, from my own feelings, that he would soon have an army of volunteers, able at least to defend his person from danger. He took me by the hand, and said, "*Ah ! mon cher Elliot, nous ne sommes pas des Anglais.*" He is now reduced to the greatest distress, as his revenues are entirely in the hands of his enemies: he has hardly wherewithal to pay his household servants, much less an army.'

Leaving this degenerate monarch and devoted race to their fate, he looks about for the place where fighting was most likely to be had, which just then happened to be Moldavia, where a Russian army was confronted by the Turks; but, hostilities being deferred by the unexpected prolongation of an armistice, he took a trip to Constantinople, much to the displeasure of his father, who, naturally enough, complained of instability of purpose and want of self-control, and enjoined an immediate return to England. To this Hugh respectfully but most positively demurred. It would be, he

urged, to the lasting disgrace of his country and his name if, after so many months' sojourn with the Russian army, he, the only English officer similarly situated, should leave them on the very eve of battle; and he announced the resolution, on which he forthwith acted, of joining the division of Count Soltikoff, which was about to attack a strongly-fortified place on the Danube, promising to return to England as soon as it was made clear 'that the desire of obeying his father's orders, and not the desire of avoiding danger alone, makes him quit the field.' There are abundant indications that he brilliantly distinguished himself in this expedition, although Lady Minto confesses her inability to supply the details. Marshal Romanzow writes to the British minister at Petersburg:—

'He [Elliot] arrives at my head-quarters just as the last negotiation was coming to an end. He learns that the war is about to recommence, and begs to be employed. Just at this time arrived letters from his father, enjoining him to return to England. Not being of the metal of that officer to whom a Marshal replied, on his asking leave of absence at the opening of a campaign, under pretence of order of recall from his parents—"Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land"—he conjured me to attach him to a corps which I believed would be soonest engaged. I sent him to Wallachia. There he learns that the Turks are in the neighbourhood of Silistria. An engagement takes place, and in the General's report to me of this affair, he tells me such wonders of Mr. Elliot, that I could not refrain from making mention of him to my Sovereign.'

The sole result of Lady Minto's diligent inquiries and research is a passage in the fourth edition of Tooke's 'Life of Catherine the Second,' in which, describing the surprise of the Russians by the Turks in the campaign of 1773, he says, 'An Englishman named Elliot, in the service of Russia, distinguished himself in an extraordinary manner at Giurgevo. He sprang with no less agility than boldness over the heads and sabres of the Spahis, and fell into the river, which he crossed by swimming.' We must suppose that he made his spring from an elevated ground, like the

Janissary who escaped by the famous leap at Cairo; although Elliot does not appear to have been mounted, for a family tradition adds that he crossed the river holding on to the tail of a Cossack's horse. The most flattering accounts of his conduct certainly reached England in the best-authenticated shape, but the desiderated rank in the British army was withheld, and he and his friends naturally felt much aggrieved; for it was not until the Duke of York became Commander-in-Chief that the practice of promotion *per saltum* was suppressed; and many of our readers must remember a Scotch story of no very ancient date, of somebody asking why a child was crying, and being told, 'It is only the Major crying for his *parraitck*.' A late Colonel-Commandant of the Life-Guards began his military career at Westminster School. One advantage of the system was that officers were less frequently placed in positions of actual command and responsibility till they had attained manhood and completed their general education. Another was, that distinguished merit and eminent fitness might be recognised and marked out for rapid promotion: as in the case of Wolfe, who, had he been left to rise regularly through the subordinate grades, would never have commanded a regiment at Fontenoy or have fallen, in his thirty-third year, at the head of a victorious army before Quebec. Marlborough and Wellington are striking illustrations of the same argument.

Under all the circumstances, the refusal of Lord Barrington—in other words, of the North Ministry or the King—to confer the coveted rank, can only be accounted for on the supposition that Sir Gilbert, the father, was no longer reckoned among their friends. Horace Walpole, writing in February, 1773, mentions him as the man "whom the King most trusted next to Lord Bute, who, nevertheless, had acted discontent for the last two years;" but raises a doubt whether the refusal of the commission was the cause or effect of this discontent by describing the course taken by Sir Gilbert on a popular question against the Ministry as originating in revenge or pique. The affair grows more and more inexplicable, when we learn that the same man who was denied the due recognition of his merits and qualities, and the appropriate field for their display, simultaneously received an appointment which any other ambitious young man similarly situated would have preferred, and which his family would undoubtedly have preferred for him. In September, 1773, it was notified to him that he was to be Minister Plenipotentiary at the

* The refusal of a celebrated Irish patriot to fight a duel on the ground of the possible deprivation to his wife and daughter, gave rise to the following epigram by T. Moore:—

'Some men in their horror of slaughter
Improve on the scripture command,
And honour their wife and their daughter
That their days may be long in the land.'

It got into print through the indiscretion of an American traveller, and created a lasting feud between the patriot and the bard.

Court of Bavaria, and he was named to that post accordingly in April, 1774. He was at Warsaw when the first intimation reached him, and he seems to have lost little time on this occasion in obeying the urgent recall of his father, for his first despatch from Munich is dated June 23rd, 1774. In a letter to Marshal Romanzow he ascribes the appointment to the favourable impression produced in England by the Marshal's praises of his gallantry, adding, 'Pardon me if I regret their effect, since the King has judged that they rendered me worthy of an advancement very far from ordinary in this country at my age; although I feel highly flattered by this distinction, it is with pain that I find myself compelled to let start alone two of my countrymen, who are setting out to search for iron on the banks of the Danube.'

The opinion entertained of him and his new profession by his companions in arms may be collected from the tone in which he is addressed by a lively Russian Colonel and diplomatist: — 'What, you desert the banner of Mars, and submit to the yoke of politics! But these rumours must be pure fiction. What! this Elliot, this amiable, sociable, light, gay, gallant, fine gentleman consent to be immured in cabinets! Why, it is a larceny perpetrated against society. All my ideas are confounded by it. The lively and careless Elliot is, then, about to assume the sombre and phlegmatic air of a minister. After such a phenomenon I do not despair of seeing some day or another the Pope in the uniform of an hussar!' The illustration is not a happy one, and the writer, Colonel Petersohn, who was then acting Russian chargé d'affaires in the Danubian provinces, might have known that the post of Minister neither implied nor required much gravity or solemnity. If this was so at most places and in ordinary times, it was emphatically so at Munich when Hugh Elliot became resident there. There was then (remarks Lady Minto) little or no business of any interest depending between the Courts of Munich and of London. But any lack of interest in the political correspondence of the British legation at Munich was amply made up by the private letters which came from or passed through it. 'The only difficulty in dealing with these is where to stop in our selections. In turning them over, the eye is caught by names of such celebrity or notoriety as would delight the heart of a collector of autographs; but experience obliges us to confess that less imposing personages might often have written better letters. Madame du Deffand gives us nothing so amusing as

an account, by a young English traveller, of an evening at her house, when a Salade à la Génoise was concocted, with much fun and laughter, by some of the most brilliant members of her society. Prince Potemkin's interest in Bavaria seems to have been limited to the concerns of a few pretty women. The first of a long series of letters from Dr. Mesmer opens with a trait which is more entertaining than anything that follows: — "Un remède contre *les nerfs* doit fort intéresser *votre nation*!"

The contents, it is added, are often purposely disguised under an involved style, initials standing for names. Thus, a correspondent, writing from Ratisbon, states that '*les nouvelles particulières d'ici se réduisent à peu de choses, les amours de M. de B. et de la Comtesse C. sont finis quant à l'extérieur, ils s'aiment encore, mais n'osent se le dire. Le directeur de Madlle. C. la porte à renoncer à son inclination pour M. qui la demande en mariage. Elle déclare qu'elle renonce à lui, la bouche le dit, le cœur ne le pense pas; ils s'aiment toujours, et n'en sont que plus malheureux. Les amours du gros L. et de Madame d'Y. sont finis et assez mal, car ils n'ont pu venir à l'amitié après leur rupture; ceux de N. avec R. sont plus tranquils,* etc. etc.

The first impression, we can well believe, left on the uninitiated reader, is that 'the letters of the alphabet have taken to disorderly courses.' But Lady Minto goes on to say, that after a careful examination, order rises out of chaos, and something like a vision of the social life of the Bavarian Court dawns upon the mind. It pretended to be a Versailles in miniature, and boasted of a Montespan in the person of a Madame de Torring-Seefeld. 'The scene of the chief pleasures of the Court was Nymphenburg, a country palace of the Elector's which Pöllnitz describes in his letters as a *lieu enchanté*; gardens, waters, woods, hunting-grounds, diversified its delights. Three times a week during the summer the Electress held a court there, when tables for play were prepared in the galleries, while, for those who preferred them, gilded gondolas floated on the lake, and pony phaetons driven by a "cavalier" were at the orders of the ladies who chose a moonlight drive through the woods.' These moonlight drives must have been almost as pleasant as the game called *Scampativos*, played at Le Petit Trianon. The party were divided into couples by the queen, or a lady chosen by lot, who gave the signal by clapping her hands and calling out '*Scampativos*,' when the couples were to vanish in different directions for a quarter of an

hour, at the end of which they re-assembled, and any couple that had run against or crossed the track of another paid forfeit.

No one was better qualified to, shine in scenes and pastimes of this kind than our young minister, then in his twenty-third year; but he does not appear to have been much attracted by them, and he certainly offers a plausible excuse for his want of gallantry when he writes: 'There is not one good-looking woman in this place — by good fortune, for I should be in great danger of learning to talk *en Pastor Fido*; such is the style of this country.' If 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,' there bade fair to be abundance of first-rate furies in Munich the day after Elliot's presentation; for Mr. Liston, who did duty as secretary in an unofficial capacity, in a letter describing the ceremony, speaks of the 'barefaced advances' and 'masculine attacks' to which his chief was exposed, adding, 'What I admire the most is that he has contrived not to make enemies of those he has refused — a point which is surely not to be managed without difficulty.' It may be inferred from a subsequent letter that the difficulty was not entirely overcome: 'He (Elliot) has indeed too much good sense, and is much too well bred to discover the least symptoms of disapprobation to the person concerned; but it is difficult to reject the addresses of almost every woman in the place without giving offence to some, and his dislike to the society in general is betrayed by a constant preference of English ideas, and English things.'

Some forty years since a handsome and accomplished Englishman became so much the rage of Paris, that when, from a wound in a desperate duel, he appeared with his arm in a sling and the sleeve of his coat tied with ribbons, the ladies came out with sleeves tied in the same manner, *à la C* —. The Bavarian maids of honour paid a still higher compliment to Elliot. They sent to his tailor for an old court coat of his, with the avowed intention of dividing the velvet and embroidery amongst themselves. One of these corresponded with him under the pseudonyme of Delta, and succeeded so far in getting the better of his indifference as to drive him into a proffer of friendship and a laboured attempt to prove its great superiority to love. But where lives or ever lived the young and passionate woman who would not agree with Moore's Laura: —

'Oh, never! she cried, could I think of enshrining

An image whose looks are so joyous and dim;

But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
We'll make if you please, sir, a friendship of him.'

It was idle for Elliot to draw logical or metaphysician's distinctions. *Distinguons*, as Lady Minto suggests, is easily said; 'but under certain circumstances it requires a strong head and a subtle wit to do it.' Delta, though wanting in neither, was not to be put off with (what Sir Peter Teazle would call) noble sentiments. She replied: "'Vous êtes vraiment singulier! bien éloignée de vous taxer d'impolitesse, votre lettre et la belle franchise qui y règne m'a fait beaucoup de plaisir; du reste, j'oubliais de vous faire des remerciements des conseils que vous me donnez. Je les trouve grands et beaux, et vous avez raison; mais on s'ennuie parfois avec toutes ces combinaisons. Excusez si je vous dis que vos réflexions sont une suite de votre départ.'" At all events, if she was to take up philosophy, she wished to hear him philosophise. "Que je voudrais vous entendre discourir; quelles réflexions! quelle variété! et tout cela avec Liston, votre chien et les champs pour les seuls auditeurs."

Her letters, always lively and amusing, were mostly addressed to him at Ratisbon, whither he had retired, on leave, to economise and philosophise. His philosophy, principally exhibited in railing against the roguery and falsehood of mankind and womankind, elicits a brace of maxims worthy of Rochefoucauld or Vauvenargues from the biographer: 'While a young man does not pay his debts, all men are rogues to him; while he makes love to twenty women, the faithlessness of the sex will be his favourite theme.'

It was in the second year of his first mission that Elliot's military ardour broke out in a manner that, but for an opportune check, would have abruptly cut short his diplomatic career before it had commenced in right earnest. In July or August, 1775, he expressed to Lord Suffolk, the Secretary of State in charge of the foreign department, an earnest desire to join the army in America as a volunteer. Lord Suffolk's answer was kind and considerate. After hinting that the time might arrive when such an example might be of essential service, his Lordship adds: 'but at this moment I should not act with the regard I feel for you if I did not dissuade you from quitting the walk you are in, in which you do so well, and are so likely to be advanced.' Sir Gilbert showed no sympathy with a chivalrous feeling, which he terms Quixotic,

and Lady Elliot drew a startling sketch of a retired and mutilated veteran, which we commend to the notice of youthful aspirants for military fame.

He was recalled from Munich, with a view to advancement, in the autumn of 1776; but before quitting the opening scene of the career in which he was now finally embarked, we must give an extract from a letter describing a state of things which might have been paralleled in all the minor courts of Germany, except Weimar — which Goethe's patron and friend, the Grand Duke, had converted into a German Parnassus in miniature. In an official letter to Mr. Eden, September 10th, 1774, Elliot writes: —

'To draw any picture of the state of this country would be to go back two ages in the progress of society. They are in nothing on a par with the rest of Europe, except in music and debauchery. . . . That you may judge of the universal ignorance that overspreads this country, I shall only give you two anecdotes which have fallen under my own observation. The trial by torture is the ordinary method, in this Electorate, of convicting criminals. Some time since, three poor fellows, after having been by this means forced to a confession, suffered capital punishment. A few days afterwards, their innocence was proved by the capture of the really guilty parties. An Englishman who happened to be here at the time, expressed his surprise that so cruel a catastrophe should have occurred under the generally mild government of the Elector; this remark had like to have provoked a discussion, to avoid which the Englishman said that this point was much better treated of in a chapter in *L'Esprit des Lois*, than by anything he could say on the subject. Our Premier, with whom he was speaking, repeated several times the word *esprit*, on which the Englishman asked him if he had not read it. He said he believed it was among the number of books which the Pope had, considering his situation, given him a dispensation to read; but that, for his part, il n'aimait pas les *esprits forts*.

'Speaking lately with the President of Finances of the calamities occasioned by the late famine, and of the various plans proposed for avoiding the recurrence of such misfortunes, he said that in other countries precautions might be necessary; but in this, in case of a want of grain, they had an easy resource in the course of the Danube, by which they could always send off numbers of people on a short warning, and that they had already experienced the advantage of this method of getting rid of the superfluous mouths in the last famine, when many thousands went to live in the Austrian dominions. To this ingenious plan is owing the present unpopulousness of this once peopled country. I am told the Austrians have now in their service

enough of Bavarian subjects to conquer the whole Electorate.'

Delta's letters teem with proofs of the prevalent corruption, and give significant hints that a day of reckoning, which actually came with the French Revolution, was at hand: — "'On fait des projets d'économie; M. de Berchem les conduit tant bien que mal à leur fin, et tout le monde se borne à le maudire et à désirer le voir pendre; nous, femmes de la cour, sommes de ce nombre." Again, "On veut toujours faire des Réformes. Oh! mon Dieu! que fera-t-on de nous?"' A play came out attacking the prodigality of the Government: — 'Certain well-known anecdotes were introduced in the dialogue, the house applauded; more delicate allusions were loudly interpreted by the audience. Voices called out "C'est pire que cela, telle et telle chose a été oubliée, j'ai donné pour ce service-là une bague de 1000 f.;" and the epigrams of the stage received their point from the pit. Delta ends this curious account of a first night by the remark, "On croit qu'on ne donnera plus cette pièce." The Court betook itself to prayer: — "A ce point nous sommes à la dévotion, surtout à la cour; bon gré mal gré il faut prier!"'

Well might Lady Minto apostrophise the actors in such scenes: — 'Dreaming patriots, and black-eyed maids of honour, what fate was yours? Did the beguiling phantoms of your youth become the haunting ghosts of after years? I know not; but to one of you life was checkered henceforth with joy and sorrow, with failure and success, in a greater degree than common, and time floated him rapidly away from the sheltered scenes of youth.'

The first chapter of this memoir concludes with the Bavarian mission. The second, entitled 'The Family,' 1772 to 1777, is partly retrospective, and adds some touches to the portrait of Hugh as it might have been taken prior to his departure for Munich, *e. g.*: — 'From the correspondence which recommenced on Hugh's departure for Munich, early in 1774, we gather that the well-known figure of the young maccaroni riding a long-tailed pony in the park had been sketched by Lord Townshend for the benefit of his pretty new wife, and that she carried it about in her work-bag, though not deeming it "prudent" to let her young adorer have a copy of her own portrait.' This might form a note on Sir Benjamin Backbite's verses: —

'Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies,
Other horses are clowns, but these maccaronies:

To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong. Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.'

Again: — 'Miss Walter, the great "fortune," afterwards Lady Grimstone, had been much touched by the sight of Hugh's dejection on bidding her good-bye, though "she was not so romantic as I should have been," said Lady Elliot, "and preferred a rich peer to a young envoy;" but "Miss" somebody else "would really have done for you, and made you a rich good wife, if you had not been determined to say she was crooked and squinted, before you looked at her." Here, too, he has a point in common with one of Sheridan's characters, Captain Absolute (in 'The Rivals'), who admits a predilection for a wife with a limited quantity of back and the ordinary number of eyes.

There is a charming sketch of the 'Minto' (House) of those days contrasted with the Minto of these, and the family letters throughout are as rich in anecdote and political information as Horace Walpole's. Isabella writes in December, 1774: —

'There are forty young Etonians in the new Parliament, and about 170 new faces. Bob, the waiter at White's, is chosen for the same place with Mr. Wedderburn, upon which Lord Suffolk said, he made no doubt they would make a very distinguished figure, both being bred to the bar.'

Elliot's next destination was Berlin, where he took up his official residence on the 1st of April, 1777. A gloomier one could not well be imagined. 'The Prussian monarchy,' wrote Wraxwall, 'reminds me of a vast prison, in the centre of which appears the great keeper occupied in the care of his captives.' The streets and squares of the capital, as extended and beautified by Frederic, were wide and handsome, but so out of proportion to the population as to justify the *mot* of the French Minister, who, on the King's asking him whether Berlin was not beginning to rival Paris, replied, 'Yes, Sir; only we do not grow grass in our streets or public places.' Mr. Carlyle has familiarised the reading public with the habits of Frederic the Great, although, in the true spirit of hero-worship, he has laboured to throw all the petty and degrading traits of his royal idol into the background, and place the grander or less objectionable in broad relief. One thing is undeniable: Frederic's stinginess had now become a mania; and although the only royal entertainments were those given by the Queen, to whom all presentations were made, she was so ill provided with the means that

those who were bidden to dinner or supper commonly took the precaution of dining or supping before they went. Lady Minto says the habits of the Court were so parsimonious that the glimmer of an old lamp on the staircase of the palace was sufficient to make a passer-by exclaim, 'Her Majesty doubtless holds high festival to-day;' and she quotes Thiébault for the fact that on one occasion a great lady, recommended by Her Majesty to the care of the assistants, received for her entire portion one preserved cherry. Thiébault is the author of a most amusing collection of *souvenirs*, comprising sketches of the foreign ministers and missions that fell under his observation during a twenty years' residence at Berlin.* He introduces Elliot in this fashion: —

'After the death of Mr. Mitchell, England sent out Mr. Elliot, a clever man of easy manners; what is more, tolerably handsome, very lively and amiable, original beyond doubt; one is not English without that. One day, when M. Bouilly and I were dining with him at the Russian Envoy's, he maintained that Shakspeare was truly sublime, and much oftener than Corneille, and that Racine never was sublime. The proof he gave us of this assertion, almost generally admitted in England, is that Racine is always equal, and that the sublime cannot be conceived except under the image of a summit highly elevated between abysses. Now the sustained equality of Racine, he argued, excluded all idea of such a summit; whilst the trivialities of Shakspeare served to set off the beauties of his genius by the singular contrast they presented.'

The sole hitch in this argument, as it strikes us, is the assumption that the equality of Racine altogether excludes sublimity. Surely the dream in 'Athalie,' and the death of Orestes and 'Phèdre,' are sublime. 'On another occasion,' continues Thiébault, 'he would fain prove to us that the French language, which by the way he spoke very well, was an essentially poor language, in comparison with most of the other languages of Europe, and above all with the English language.' This, again, is so far from being a paradox that the chief philologists and critics of both hemispheres, with rare exception, are of one mind upon the point. Clear, precise, and well defined as it may be, classical or academical French is surely inferior to German and English in richness,

* 'Mes Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin: ou Frédéric le Grand, sa Famille, sa Cour, &c. &c.' Par Dieudonné Thiébault, de l'Académie de Berlin, &c. &c. Troisième édition. Revue par A. H. Dampmartin. Paris, 1813. Although generally accurate, his account of Elliot begins with a mistake. Elliot replaced Harris (Lord Malmesbury) who succeeded Mitchell.

fulness, variety, and pliability; to Italian and Spanish in harmony, melody, and grace. This is one reason why France has produced no epic or lyric poet of the very first class.

Soon after Elliot's arrival Frederic engaged him in a public conversation about the American war, reported verbatim by Thiébauld, which does equal honour to the tact of the Minister and the sagacity of the King, who dwelt especially on the difficulty of supplying and reinforcing armies at the other end of the world. His Majesty's views were shared by his court, who tried to inspire Elliot with their own real or feigned apprehensions of the result. He uniformly maintained the same lofty and hopeful tone. 'The worst that can happen to us,' was his remark as the prospect darkened, 'is that instead of being the first people in the world, we shall be the second.'

Lady Minto gives the following version of a story which has been told in many ways:—'A vulgar Frenchman who had just heard of the acknowledgment by France of the independence of America, came up to my grandfather, and thrusting his face in that of the English Minister, said with a sneer—"Voilà un fameux soufflet que la France a donnée à l'Angleterre." "Et voilà le soufflet que l'Angleterre rend à la France par ma main!" exclaimed the representative of England, accompanying the words with a stinging box on the ear.'

The rejoinder of the Frenchman, if he made any, is not reported, and no disagreeable consequences ensued. But another burst of patriotic zeal got Elliot into a scrape from which it required all the interest he could muster, and all the favour he had acquired by acknowledged services, to extricate him. Early in 1777, two American agents, Mr. Lee and Mr. Sayre, having arrived at Berlin, Elliot was officially warned of their presence and desired to watch their proceedings. Openly and publicly they were discredited by Frederic, and obliged to preserve a strict incognito; but His Majesty's policy was too well known to command confidence, and the course pursued by Elliot is thus narrated by Lady Minto on the authority of his own letters and despatches:—

'Certain persons were desired by Mr. Elliot to watch the proceedings of two *soi-disant* Americans lately arrived at Berlin, known to be agents of the rebel Congress. Offers were made to Mr. Elliot to procure him secretly the papers of the strangers, and to replace them without risk of discovery; which offers were accepted by Mr. Elliot, and promises of reward were given to those who made them. Nevertheless, nothing came of these proposals, the risk attending on

their execution being found too great. A German servant, however, in Mr. Elliot's establishment, having been made aware of his master's anxiety to procure evidence of the secret objects which the Americans had in view at Berlin, by overhearing him say at his dinner-table that he would gladly give a sum of money to any one who should bring him their papers waited for no further authorisation, but in the most imprudent and reckless manner broke into the apartments occupied by the Americans in a certain hotel; entering the room by the window, he forced open the bureau, and carried off, "à toutes jambes," the papers it contained.

'The master of the house instantly accused Mr. Elliot's servant of the theft, stating that he had been offered a thousand pounds only the day before to become an accomplice to it; several persons belonging to the hotel were arrested; and the police were pursuing active inquiries into the circumstances of the affair when Mr. Elliot came forward and declared that he considered himself to be solely responsible for what had occurred. One of his servants, he said, was undoubtedly the culprit, and had been led to commit the act by Mr. Elliot's own imprudence, he having in the servant's presence expressed himself in the indiscreet manner before mentioned. No time had been lost in restoring the papers to their rightful owners, and Mr. Elliot submitted himself entirely to the judgment of the King of Prussia, acquitting his Court of any share in so unjustifiable a transaction.

'The King gave to this candid avowal a gracious answer, to the effect that he should wish the subject dropped; but Mr. Elliot thought it his duty to advise his own Government to recall him from a post where the credit of his Court might possibly be impaired by the conduct of its representative on this occasion.'

Thiébauld gives a different account of this transaction. According to him, Elliot treated the two Americans as his countrymen, never letting them out of his sight, was (so to speak) their shadow. 'One evening, shortly after they had gone out to join a party to which they were invited, their despatch-box was carried off. It was brought back the day following, with the money, jewels, and letters of credit found in it, but the credentials and instructions which it also contained never returned. Everybody regarded Mr. Elliot as the author of the theft. There was a universal cry against him, the rather that he made no attempt to exculpate himself, and affected not even to suspect that he was accused. People expected Frederic to break out and vindicate the law of nations thus audaciously violated even in his Court and under his eyes. They were deceived: the affair led to no result: there was not even a word of the King's to cite.'

The King himself, not being wont to

stand on trifles in such matters (witness the arrest of Voltaire and his niece at Frankfurt), and having always acted on the maxim that the end justifies the means, could hardly have assumed a high moral tone on this occasion; and custom palliated, if it could not excuse, a good deal of laxity when an important object was to be obtained. It is a tradition of the Foreign Office that an eminent diplomatist, wishing to learn the contents of a particular document, made love to the wife of the first minister of the Court to which he was accredited and got sight of it by her aid. Elliot was severely reprimanded by his Government, being desired to 'abstain from vivacities of language and to discourage so criminal an activity on the part of his dependents.' But this was only to save appearances, for shortly afterwards he was informed that the irregularity of the transaction would be overlooked in consideration of the loyal zeal which led to it, and that his expenses would be paid.

Mr. Carlyle's account of this transaction with the Americans, based on high authority and supported by documentary evidence, adds another to the thousand and one instances in which history is at fault where one would have supposed *à priori* that the exact facts might be easily ascertained: —

'Elliot has been here since April, 1777; stays some five years in this post; — with not much diplomatic employment, I should think, but with a style of general bearing and social physiognomy, which, with some procedures partly incidental as well, are still remembered in Berlin. Something of spying, too, doubtless there was; bribing of menials, opening of letters: I believe a great deal of that went on; impossible to prevent under the carefulest of kings.'

In a note to this passage it is stated that copies of Frederic's letters to his minister in London had been regularly taken by or for some English agent for four or five years, from 1780 onwards, specimens of which he (Mr. Carlyle) saw at the Hague. A little further on we read: —

'I know not whether it was by my Lord Suffolk's instigation, or what had put the British Cabinet on such an idea — perhaps the stolen letters of Friedrich, which show so exact a knowledge of the current events in America as well as England ("knows every step of it, as if he were there himself, the arch-enemy of honest neighbours in time of stress!") — but it does appear they had got it into their sagacious heads that the bad neighbour at Berlin was, in effect, the arch-enemy, probably mainspring of the whole matter; and that it would be in the highest degree interesting to see clearly what Lee and

he had on hand. Order thereupon to Elliot: "Do it at any price;" and finally, as mere price will not answer, "Do it by any method — steal Lee's despatch-box for us!"

'Perhaps few Excellencies living had less appetite for such a job than Elliot; but his orders were peremptory: "Lee is a Rebel, quasi-out-law; and you must!" Elliot thereupon took accurate survey of the matter; and rapidly enough, and with perfect skill, though still a novice in Berlin affairs, managed to do it. Privily hired, or made his servant hire, the chief housebreaker or pickpocket in the city: "Lee lodges in such and such a hostelry; bring us his red-box for a thirty hours; it shall be well worth your while!" And in brief space the red-box arrives, accordingly; a score or two of ready-writers waiting for it, who copy all day, all night, at the top of their speed, till they have enough; which done, the Lee red-box is left on the stairs of the Lee Tavern; box locked again, and complete; only the Friedrich-Lee secrets completely pumped out of it, and now rushing day and night towards England to illuminate the supreme Council-Board there.'

Frederic's letter to his brother, quoted by Mr. Carlyle, increases the perplexity: —

"Potsdam, 29th June, 1777. . . There has just occurred a strange thing at Berlin. Three days ago, in absence of the Sieur Lee, Envoy of the American Colonies, the Envoy of England went" (sent!) "to the inn where Lee lodged, and carried off his portfolio; it seems he was in fear, however, and threw it down, without opening it, on the stairs" (alas! no, your Majesty, not till after pumping the essence out). "All Berlin is talking of it. If one were to act with rigour, it would be necessary to forbid this man the Court, since he has committed a public theft; but, not to make a noise, I suppress the thing. Shan't fail, however, to write to England about it, and indicate that there was another way of dealing with such a matter, for they are impertinent" (say, ignorant, blind as moles, your Majesty; that is the charitable reading!).

Although the King of Prussia thought proper 'to suppress the thing,' he ever afterwards nourished a lurking distrust or dislike of Elliot; and his Majesty being simultaneously prone to utter sarcasms against England and her policy, the English Minister was frequently called upon to maintain the credit of his country and his own. He did it with equal spirit and delicacy; invariably clothing his repartees in language which left his royal opponent no opening for rejoinder or complaint. Thus, when Maltzahn, a Prussian Minister of high character, was recalled from the Court of London to spite the English Cabinet, and 'an ill-conditioned fellow' appointed in his

place, the King asked, tauntingly, 'What do they say of — in London?' 'Digne représentant de votre Majesté,' replied Elliot, with the deepest of bows.

We give Lady Minto's version of two other repartees, which have been told with variations: —

'Towards the middle of the month a gleam of cheerfulness was thrown over the political horizon by the intelligence that Sir Eyre Coote had won a great victory over Hyder Ali — news not the less grateful to the English Minister at Berlin because the late successes of that potentate had given rise to a passage of arms between himself and the King. "For some time, the relations between England and Prussia had not been cordial, and Frederick showed his bad humour by not addressing a word to Mr. Elliot at several successive levées. Mr. Elliot was indignant and burning to be revenged. When at length, on the arrival of intelligence that Hyder Ali had made a successful and destructive inroad into the British territories in the Carnatic, Frederick broke his long silence, asking — "M. Elliot, qui est ce Hyder Ali qui sait si bien arranger vos affaires aux Indes?" Elliot promptly replied — "Sire, c'est un vieux despote qui a beaucoup pillé ses voisins, mais qui, Dieu merci, commence à radoter." Mr. Elliot related this anecdote to my informant with much exultation, adding — "Sir, it was a revenge that Satan might have envied!" And Satan's envy might have reached its acme when the news of Hyder Ali's reverses produced an ebullition of spite from the King, which gave Mr. Elliot an opening for a second and no less ready rejoinder. Commenting on the expressions of gratitude to Providence which accompanied the official narrative of Sir Eyre Coote's victory, the King remarked — "Je ne savais pas que la Providence fut de vos alliés." "Le seul, Sire, que nous ne payons pas," was the reply.'"

Thiébault attributes the second of these repartees to Mitchell, and makes it contemporary with the taking of Port Mahon and the trial of Byng. 'Oh, you have made a wretched campaign.' 'Sire, we hope, with God's help, to make a better next year.' 'With God's help? I was not aware that you had him for an ally.' 'We, notwithstanding, rely greatly on him, although he is the one who costs us least.' 'Rely, go on relying by all means; you see that he gives you your money's worth for your money.' The maxim, *on ne prête, qu'aux riches*, might be employed to invalidate the claim of Mitchell, as well as that of Elliot, to this repartee. It was Mitchell who thus accounted to Thiébault for Frederick's surrounding himself with mean people of limited intelligence: — 'Je vais vous expliquer cela en deux mots; ces hommes lui sont nécessaires comme autant

de mouchoirs sales dans lesquels il crache son esprit.' Mr. Carlyle, who cannot allow his idol to be beaten in any species of contest, surmises that the passage of words in which Frederic undoubtedly got the worst of it, is evidently apocryphal: —

"Who is this Hyder-Ali?" said the old King to him one day (according to the London Clubs). "Hm," answered Elliot, with exquisite promptitude, politeness, and solidity of information, "*C'est un vieux voleur qui commence à radoter* (an old robber, now falling into his dotage)," — let his dotard majesty take that.

'Alas, my friends! — Ignorance by herself is an awkward lumpish wench; not yet fallen into vicious courses, nor to be uncharitably treated: but ignorance and insolence, — these are, for certain, an unlovely mother and bastard! Yes; — and they may depend upon it, the grim parish-beadles of this universe are out on the track of them, and oakum and the correction-house are infallible sooner or later! The clever Elliot, who knew a hawk from a heronshaw, never floundered into that platitude. This, however, is a joke of his, better or worse (I think, on his quitting Berlin in 1782, without visible resource or outlook): "I am far from having a sans-souci," writes he to the Edens; "and I think I am coming to be *sans six-sous*.'"

Elliot had begun life a sworn foe to matrimony. 'Ah, Hugh, Hugh!' wrote Mrs. Harris in 1779, 'do you remember four years ago how you used to abuse all women, and say if ever you married you would live in St. James's Street, and your wife in Berkeley Square?' 'What, (he writes to Eden in October, 1777) does Eleanor mean about my Congratulatory Letter to Lord Suffolk? I wished his Lordship, most sincerely, every happiness in his new state as soon as I knew of it. I beg, however, Eleanor will do the like; — and although it is not my system to "congratulate" anybody upon marriage, yet I never fail to wish them what, I think, it is always two to one they do not obtain.' On his arrival in Berlin he writes to a recently-married friend, 'All the world are marrying. I begin to be ashamed of my celibacy. In the age we live in one must either destroy or procreate. There are risks to be run in both callings; our enemies gain by our losses in the first; our friends gain when we are unhappy in the second.' Just so Rogers, whenever a man whom he did not like, married, used to say, 'Now we shall have our revenge of him.' About the same time Elliot wrote to the Countess Thun, an attached female friend of a safe age, 'I dare not boast of being perfectly happy; perchance it is my

own fault; but, unfortunately, that is no consolation. I am less philosophical than is my wont at the moment when I ought to be more. I believe this is pretty well the fate of all philosophers. We get the better of all the passions, of all the difficulties, when we have none; we succumb precisely as if we were not philosophical, when we have.' St. Evremond came nearer the truth when he boasted of having conquered his passions by indulging them.

The cause of this conversion was the reigning beauty of Berlin—a girl of seventeen, well born and well connected, with some fortune, little or no education, and (to employ his own words before he fell desperately in love with her) 'the manners of Berlin.' Her name was von Krauth, and numberless were the pleasantries he had to undergo from his English friends on his taste for cabbage. 'Beware of Miss Cabbage,' exclaims one, 'for she is artful, and knows very well that you love her.' 'If you feed on sprouts,' writes Sir J. Harris, from St. Petersburg, 'you will find them hard of digestion.' His brother, Sir Gilbert—for the news of his growing passion had reached the family in Scotland—'earnestly cautions him against asking a spoilt beauty to share an income which had never sufficed for him alone.' Sarcasms and warnings proved equally vain. If the daughter was not artful, the mother evidently thought the English minister a catch, and took the required steps for securing him. He was assailed at once through his vanity, his sensibility, and his sense of honour. He was led to believe that the damsel was pining away for love of him, and had refused an advantageous offer for his sake. He was told that she was very unhappy *pour lui et par lui*, and that his attentions had been *compromettant* to her prospects as well as destructive of her peace. There was no escape from the dilemma, had he wished to escape. On the 9th July, 1779, he writes to Harris, 'I am married in private, without the mother's consent, to the Krauth; after the éclat of my attachment to her, I had the choice between folly and dishonesty—my affections pleaded for the first, my conscience forbade the latter. On my part there is very sincere affection, bad health, poverty, and the other defects of character which nature has bestowed on me, and which art has never tried to conquer; on hers, there is youth, beauty, and strong parts. My project is to keep the matter secret till the king's death. The Prince of Prussia, Prince Henry, &c., are as much my friends as princes can be. I despise the world too much to fear its

vicissitudes, and think her worth sacrificing life and fortune to, if necessary.'

He had no reason to be dissatisfied with his choice for a year or two. 'Berlin,' he wrote, 'is dull and insipid, but that is nothing to me. I have at home all that I require.' His family did all in their power to add to his happiness. 'My wife,' he wrote to Sir Gilbert, 'is so fond of your letters that I can think of no better way of teaching her English than by begging you to write to her often, and to make her answer in English.' Her picture was painted for Sir Gilbert; and Lady Minto is disposed to identify it with a miniature in a curiously-worked gold frame, without name or date, found in the desk of her grandfather. It agrees so entirely with the written descriptions that 'we can have no doubt any longer as to whom belonged these long fair curls and sky-blue draperies.' She was a brilliant blonde, with an exquisitely fair complexion. The couple were pressingly invited to Minto, and assured of the most affectionate reception; but it is lucky that they did not accept the invitation, for the bride would probably have acted like Miss Ferrier's Lady Julia in 'Inheritance,' and shrunk coldly back from the cordial greeting of the kindly Scots. The catastrophe, which was not long procrastinated, is described with minuteness by Thiébault, and some details omitted by him are supplied by the correspondence. We will endeavour to compile an abridged account of this the turning episode of the life and character we are attempting to trace and analyse.

All agree in one thing, that Elliot made her happiness his exclusive study. He assiduously cultivated the society she might be expected to prefer, and laboured to exclude satiety or weariness by variety of amusement; at the same time he tried to teach her some accomplishments, and to form her mind and heart. The quality of her mind (highly estimated by him) was differently estimated by her contemporaries. Dampmartin, the editor of 'Mes Souvenirs,' writing in 1812, declares that Madame Elliot, far from being *bornée*, was always indebted for her numerous successes to the attractions of her mind as much as to the charms of her face. Thiébault says, 'she was *bornée*, capricious, wilful, as well as vain and coquettish. The lessons bored her, take what precautions they might in giving them. She would read nothing but the most frivolous novels, and she ended by not receiving without temper and hardness the most well-timed and friendly representations. However, she became *grosse*, and in due course was brought to bed of a girl, a

little before the epoch of her husband's departure for Denmark.' He goes on to say that Elliot left her on an understanding that he was to choose such an habitation as she would like, put everything in order, and then come back for her.

Where Thiébault errs is in antedating the rupture, which did not take place till after the birth of a second child, a son, who died in infancy. Lady Minto says: 'The early part of the winter of 1782 found Mr. Elliot at his new mission at Copenhagen; his wife had urged upon him so strongly the danger to her own health and that of her child which might arise from a winter journey, that he had consented to leave her till spring under the charge and roof of her mother. A generous nature would have felt grateful for the trust implied in a compliance with her wishes on such a point, but hers was light and arid as her native sands, susceptible of the slightest impression, and of the deepest retaining no trace.' His mother-in-law wrote to him frequently, with ample details of his wife's looks, health, &c., but he must have been strangely deficient in sagacity, or utterly infatuated, not to have been alarmed and forewarned by the tone of the letters: *e. g.* 'Ma fille se porte bien, s'occupe de sa musique, et bien plus longtemps de sa toilette; je ne crois pas qu'elle vous aime comme par le passé — non; mais je me flatte qu'elle a de l'amitié pour vous; elle sentira qu'une femme n'est estimée qu'autant qu'elle est bien avec son mari.'

When the time arrived for joining her husband, after postponing her departure on a variety of pretences, she ended by declaring that no human consideration should induce her to expatriate herself; and he was not long in tracing this patriotic resolve to a guilty and long-indulged passion for her cousin the Baron de Kniphausen, described as '*beau comme Apollon*.' On ascertaining this state of things, Elliot suddenly left his post at Copenhagen under a feigned name, without waiting to ask leave, arrived late one evening at Berlin, and, learning that his wife was absent at a picnic or supper party, possessed himself of the child and her papers, forbade the servants to leave the house under twenty-four hours, so as to prevent immediate communication between the guilty parties, and dashed off as fast as six horses could carry him — this time under his real name — towards Copenhagen, which he reached without interruption. Amongst her papers was the draft of a letter in the handwriting of Kniphausen addressed to the husband by

the wife, and containing several false charges and complaints. Having placed the child in safety, he applied for leave of absence to settle his private affairs, and hurried back to take measures for a speedy divorce and inflict summary vengeance on the Baron, who, owing either to the weakness of his nerves, the weakness of his cause, or both, showed a marked reluctance to giving what is called satisfaction for the wrong. He left Berlin in the direction of Mecklenburgh. Elliot, following in hot pursuit, arrived at the small and only inn of a small town, where he was told he could not be received because all the rooms were engaged by a single traveller. He saw at a glance that he had run his fox to earth. Armed with pistols, a sword, and a cane, he entered the room in which the Baron was ensconced, and demanded instant satisfaction with sword or pistol, which was refused; whereupon he broke his cane over the shoulders of the seducer.

Thiébault says that he belaboured the Baron's shoulders till he consented to fight, and that they were on the way to the field for that purpose when the Baron objected that it was growing dark. The ensuing discussion drew some spectators to the spot; the combat was consequently postponed to the morrow; and both took up their night quarters at the little inn. But long before the Englishman arose, thirsting for blood, at cockcrow, the German had taken the wings of the morning and fled to Berlin, where he added another item to the long arrear of hate by asserting that Elliot had fallen upon him in the most cruel and cowardly manner accompanied by four armed men. Challenge upon challenge, backed by the memory of the caning, were still ineffective to scrow the handsome gallant's courage to the sticking-point, and he would have been content to be consoled, like Paris after his inglorious flight, by his paramour, when the hissing scorn of the entire court and capital created the temporary and wavering courage of despair.

According to the same authority, he was compelled to take the field much as (according to Mr. Kinglake) one of the heroes of the *coup d'état* was compelled to go on with it: that he was thus apostrophised by Baron Keith, a man of grave character and philosophical pursuits: 'I was your friend; but since all the infamy with which you have covered yourself, I declare to you that I am so no longer: however, you are still my cousin, and by this title you make me blush: now I will not put up with dis-

honour either for me or mine: therefore you will fight with Elliot, or you will die by my hand: choose.'

Kniphausen, who knew that there was no trifling with his cousin, chose the least dangerous alternative; and Keith, duly authorised to act for him, proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for a meeting. It took place at Baireuth. An attempt at amicable settlement failed; the concessions demanded by Elliot being such as his adversary was not yet sufficiently intimidated to grant. They were: that the Baron should copy word for word, and sign, a paper which Elliot drew from his pocket, declaring not only that Elliot was a man of honour, free from stain or reproach of any kind, but that the two letters written or dictated by the Baron were false, calumnious, and such as (to his knowledge) could only have been written or dictated by 'un homme vil et faussaire.' On his refusal to write himself down a scoundrel the two principals took their ground.

At this point Lady Minto's informant becomes more precise than Thiébault. We translate almost literally from the French statement printed by her:—

'They were to fight with pistols. Kniphausen claims to fire first at twenty paces distance, and gives for a signal the raising the hand to the hat when either should be satisfied. His second, named Coppick, a retired officer, measured the ground. O'Connell, Elliot's second, finds that Coppick's legs are longer than his. The pistols are loaded and delivered to the combatants. E. takes up a position (recommended by Sir Lucius O'Trigger) exposing a full front. K. does the same. E. wore shoes and stockings, K. boots; E. a light frock, K. a great-coat over his frock. K. fires and misses. E.'s pistol goes off as he is in the act of taking aim. K. fires his second shot as ineffectually as his first. E. fires in his turn, and with so just an aim that the wind of the ball makes K. wince and turn his head, and the ball strikes a tree in a right line with him, twenty paces farther off. After this second exchange of shots, K. raises his hand to his head in the hope of quitting the field of battle. E. objects, saying he is not satisfied: that one or the other must remain on the ground, and that the distance should be shortened to ten paces, unless K. would apologise in writing for the letter dictated to the wife and the false charge of assault, &c.

'Thereupon the seconds began another *pour-parler*, which lasted nearly two hours. K. made proposals, which were refused by E. The combat recommenced at the same distance, the second of K. having declined to authorise any alteration. K., pistol in hand, cried out that so soon as one of them should be wounded, he would sign all that E. had demanded. This satisfied E.

K. fires. E., without the slightest movement of the head or body, claps his hand in his breeches pocket. "You are wounded!" was the exclamation. "No, it is nothing," was the reply. O'Connell told him to fire; but, on K. repeating that, if he (K.) was wounded, he (K.) would sign, E. fires into the air, admitting that he was wounded; and in fact the ball had pierced the pocket, grazed the skin, and passed out through a hole in the waistband. E., with perfect coolness, would not allow the wound to be examined till all was finished. After some moments employed in changing or softening the expressions agreed upon, K. wrote and signed a document which in English would run thus:—

"Mr. Elliot having been wounded by my third shot, and having fired in the air, I declare of my own accord that I regret the wrongs I have done him; that I apologise for them, as well as for having written him an insulting letter. I declare, also, that the reports of his having attacked me with armed men at Furstenberg are also false."

He also promised, on his honour, to write a letter of apology to the Comtesse de Verelst, the mother of the lady. When Elliot was in possession of these papers, the second of K. proposed that the two enemies should shake hands, the rather that K. had declared their quarrel ended. But Elliot, touching his hat, thus addressed K. in German: 'Sir, I wish you all happiness; but as to friendship or social ties between you and me, there will never be any. As to you, Sir,' turning to the second of K., 'you have conducted this affair like a gentleman, and I shall be happy to say so publicly and on all occasions.'

The spirit and promptitude he displayed on this occasion, and under the depressing influence of an illness which prostrated him when the excitement was over, won him the applause and sympathy of all classes at Berlin. Frederic, overcoming his personal dislike, wrote, 'Was I not right when I said that he would make an excellent soldier?' The Princess of Prussia wrote, 'Your misfortunes were calculated to gain you the compassion of every person of sensibility, and the nobleness of your conduct the admiration and esteem of every one. You have perfectly succeeded; the Prince does you all possible justice.' He received letters from other royal and distinguished persons in Prussia to the same effect; and, what was still more important, he was judged by his countrymen to have acted in complete accordance with the requirements of his painful position. This is proved by a letter, well worth quoting, from Mr. Liston, shortly before going on his Spanish mission:—

by the demigod of the blackguards. . . . My brother seemed most decidedly convinced of the rectitude and ability of a set I neither loved nor approved. He is the creature on God's earth I most love and admire; but I think he, like many others, has been led away by the false glare of a meteor, in which there is neither consistency nor a spark of heavenly fire — a mere blaze kept up by the foul breath of faction and desperation.'

Lady Minto thinks it highly probable that the idea of collecting and preserving his correspondence occurred to him about this time, and was one of his chief occupations on his return to Denmark after the divorce. The collection, chronologically arranged and bound in volumes, terminates with 1784:

'The work was not ill suited to his frame of mind; it was an attempt to keep a waif from the gallant bark which had set out in "life's morning," with "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm."

'Ten years had elapsed since his first going forth from home, and, as he reviewed their flight, what varied scenes must his memory have recalled! — the Cossack tents on the Danube, his hairbreadth escapes by land and water, the brilliant Courts of Warsaw and Vienna, where he left so deep an impression, that years afterwards travellers found, in the title of his friend, a passport to the best society; the gallicised Munich, gay, vicious, and superstitious; the barrack-like Berlin, where everybody not on parade was carousing and gambling, and whence philosophy failed to banish *ennui* and indigestion; but where, across every scene, there flitted a phantom with fair face and golden hair, like the treacherous nymphs of her country's fables, luring the traveller on to trouble and sorrow.'

This very year 1784, however, afforded him one of those rare opportunities of distinction for which an English diplomatist of our time might watch and hope in vain. When he resumed his post, the King of Denmark was sunk in idiocy, and the Queen-Dowager reigned supreme in his name. She was entirely devoted to the King of Prussia, and her sway was notoriously inimical to English interests. The overthrow of her and her party, long meditated, came to pass on the 14th of April, 1788, when the Prince Royal, the heir-apparent, having just attained his majority with the completion of his sixteenth year, took his seat in council, and desired to read a memorial which he drew from his bosom. It contained a statement of reasons (drawn up by Count Bernstorff) for an entire change of Government; and it was followed by a second instrument, providing that no

future decree or order in Cabinet should be valid without the countersign of the Prince. The King signed whatever was required of him, and the *coup d'état* was struck. The parties were so evenly balanced, and their passions so violently excited, that there was every chance of their coming to blows. Now was the time for a representative of England who did not shrink from responsibility and took in the whole situation at a glance.

'The person,' wrote Mr. Elliot to Lord Carmarthen, April 24th, 1784, 'who has principally the ear and confidence of the Prince Royal has made no secret to me of his apprehensions; and declared that it was the determination of their party rather to perish than to abandon the young Prince again into the hands of people whose passions are now too inflamed to know any bounds.

'For my own part, I have thought myself under the necessity of taking a decision without waiting for any instructions from home, as there was no possibility of their arriving before the conclusion of this important transaction. I therefore desired this gentleman to let his Royal Highness know, that, should the opposite party have come to any overt act of violence, I should have asked leave to appear openly in his defence; and, by the fortunate arrival of a number of English ships at this critical conjuncture, there was but little doubt but that I might have procured essential assistance from their crews and other persons attached to me in Copenhagen.

'Thanks be to God, the personal resolution, constancy, and prudence of the Prince Royal have alone overcome every obstacle.'

The course he took was officially commended in the highest terms and warmly approved by George III., who was his own foreign secretary whenever his German interests were directly or indirectly concerned, — and whatever affected Denmark more or less affected Hanover. Harris wrote in reference to these transactions that 'Hugh Elliot had not made half enough of his share in them.'

His moral courage (a far rarer quality than physical) and his political *coup-d'état* were still more strikingly displayed in 1788, when he ventured on the extraordinary step of ranging England temporarily against the Court and country to which he was accredited. The combinations had varied since 1784, and Prussia and England were opposed to Russia and France, when Gustavus III. of Sweden made his ill-advised attempt to check the grasping ambition of Russia in the North. With all his dash, bravery, resolution, eloquence, and faculty of kindling patriotic enthusiasm, Gustavus must have succumbed without the timely,

effective, and uncompromising aid of Elliot, who, in the thick of the crisis, writes thus to his official chief at home : —

‘The pressing circumstances of his Swedish Majesty, and the immediate danger to which the balance of the North was exposed, left me no time to wait for further instructions than those contained in your lordship’s dispatches. Indeed, the very positive though general instructions given me, to prevent by any means a change in the relative situation of the northern nations, invested me, as I conceived, with full power to act according to the exigency of circumstances.’

He accordingly left Copenhagen for Sweden, and the urgent necessity for his presence there, with the ensuing results, cannot be better told than in his own animated words : —

‘On my arriving in Sweden, after a search of eleven days, I traced the King wandering from place to place, endeavouring to animate his unarmed peasants to hopeless resistance. His very couriers were ignorant of his abode. At length, exhausted with fatigue and illness, I reached the King at Carlstadt upon the 29th of September. Here I found his carriage ready to convey him to a place of greater security; without generals, without troops, and with few attendants, he was devoid of every means of defence. The King’s own words were, that “I found him in the same situation with James II., when he was obliged to fly his kingdom and abandon his crown.” He was on the point of falling a victim to the ambition of Russia, the treachery of Denmark, and the factious treason of his nobility. In the sincerity of distress the King also added, “to the mistakes of his own conduct.” Backed as I presumed myself to be by the joint concert of the Kings of Great Britain and Prussia, I did not limit the expressions dictated by the animating conviction of the reality of my powers, and replied with confidence — “Sire, prêtez-moi votre couronne, je vous la rendrai avec lustre.” On further explanation, the King consented to adopt all those measures which I thought most suitable to his situation.’

In a narrative which he subsequently sent to Lord Carmarthen, he says : —

‘I knew, my lord, how decisive the appearance of an English minister, at that trying moment, would be at Gothenburg — it reunited the well-disposed, and disheartened the disaffected. An early acquaintance with the art of war and science of engineering enabled me to point out the most important positions for defence; and the voluntary offer of assistance from the gallant English seamen, then in that harbour, ready to man the batteries under my command, would, I trust, have helped to render the Danish attack of a very doubtful issue, had those very preparations not had the more desirable effect of inducing the Prince of Hesse to treat for an armis-

tice of eight days, in which interval the Prussian declaration arrived, and I was confessed to have been no less the saviour of Holstein than of Gothenburg, Sweden, and its sovereign. . . .

‘To so circumscribed a period had the distresses of the King reduced the possibility of retrieving his affairs, that, had I reached Carlstadt twenty-four hours later than I did or been less fortunate in concluding the first armistice before the expiration of forty-eight hours, Gothenburg must have fallen; and I have the authority of the King, seconded by the voice of the whole country, to say, in that case there would have been no safety for the sovereign in his own dominions, and that nothing less than a successful war, carried on by foreign powers, could have rescued Sweden from a dismemberment by Russia and Denmark.’

Eleven days after Elliot’s first meeting with Gustavus, the rescued monarch could announce that the storm had blown over, and truthfully as well as gracefully declare, ‘Je ne puis assez louer Elliot; il vient de faire un grand coup qui fait honneur tant à son jugement qu’à son courage, et qui, en sauvant la Suède, conserve la balance de l’Europe et couvre l’Angleterre de gloire.’ No sooner was his Swedish Majesty out of one scrape than he was hurrying in the excitement of the sudden rise of his fortunes into another, when Elliot stepped in and compelled as well as counselled moderation. It was in reference to his intervention to prevent the threatened renewal of hostilities that the Prince Royal (*the de facto* King) of Denmark, in the presence of the military suite, called him ‘*l’ami commun du Nord*.’

The cavils raised at his exceeding his instructions by what might have turned out an actual declaration of war in the name of England against an ancient ally and friendly power, were speedily silenced by the warm approval of his government; and his services on both these memorable occasions being of a character to merit either reprimand and dismissal or promotion to a far more elevated sphere, we cannot help associating him in some sort with the village worthies *in posse* to whom Gray does tardy justice in his *Elegy*. The man who rode on the whirlwind and directed the storm at Gothenburg was born for great achievements. It was no spirit of vanity, it was intuitive self-knowledge or an instinct superior to reason, that inspired his lifelong yearning for a career in which military genius would have been enhanced by statesmanship; and in the minister of a succession of second-rate Courts may have lain hid — if not a Marlborough or a Wellington — a Wolfe, a Hastings, or a Clive. If the second Pitt had been endowed with the

same knowledge of men as the first, he would have found more fitting employment for Elliot than sending him on a secret and obscure mission to Paris in 1790 and 1791, or than appointing him minister at the Court of Saxony in 1792, where he remained till 1802. The collected Correspondence being no longer available, we know of no event worth mentioning that occurred during this ten years' mission, if we except the visit of Nelson and Lady Hamilton to Dresden recorded in the amusing and graphic pages of Mrs. Richard Trench. These have already been transferred to this Journal,* and we shall merely add one short extract:—

'Mr. Elliot, our Minister at Dresden, is a very pleasing man, about forty; his style of conversation and tone of voice are highly captivating. He has a large family of little cherubs, and a charming daughter who marries Mr. Paine this week.'

This was the only surviving child by the first wife. His second is described as a beautiful girl of humble birth, whose personal qualities justified his choice. That such was the family estimate of her may be collected from one of his brother's (Lord Minto's) letters from Dresden.

'I have, since I have seen Hugh's wife and beautiful children, better hope of his happiness than I ever had before. She is very handsome—her face and head remarkably pretty, inasmuch that the celebrated Virgin of Raphael in the gallery, one of the finest pictures I ever saw, is her exact portrait; while two of the children are so like the cherubs looking up, that I told Hugh it was a family picture. I find her sensible and pleasant, and they are both generally liked, and on the best possible footing here.'

War having been declared between England and France after the short Peace of Amiens, in May, 1803, Elliot, then in England on leave, was sent as minister to Naples at twenty-four hours' notice, Lord Nelson giving him a passage in the 'Victory.' The first step he took showed his characteristic decision and sagacity. He insisted that the King, Ferdinand IV., who had retired to Caserta to avoid a personal interview, should return to receive his credentials. 'It was right,' he said, 'to show that the presence of a British minister in the capital of Naples, a British man-of-war in the harbour, and of Lord Nelson's fleet in the Mediterranean, were circumstances calculated to restore confidence to the King.'

The chapters devoted to this mission

teem with important events, and there is a romantic and dramatic as well as historical interest attached to them and the personages by which they are influenced or brought about. The Queen, Caroline—who cumulated the characters of Maria Theresa's daughter, Marie Antoinette's sister, and Lady Hamilton's friend—was then simultaneously at feud with her quondam lover, General Acton, the virtual prime minister, and with Napoleon, whom she hated and feared personally and politically. Elliot sided with Acton, whom he deemed the only man in the kingdom capable of securing its independence, and the resulting situation is thus succinctly stated by Lady Minto. 'Acton and Elliot became equally obnoxious to France, and the drama enacting at Naples was thenceforth marked by a double plot:—the external struggle between Bonaparte and the sovereigns of the Two Sicilies, and the internal struggle between the Queen and Sir John Acton.' No combination that could be formed out of such materials as Naples was capable of supplying could check, much less resist, Napoleon, then (1804-5) rapidly approaching the culminating point of the 'vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself.' The coarse language, *propos indécent*, he used regarding her in the presence of the Neapolitan ministers exasperated her into vowing that she would rather spend her life on the mountains of Scotland than throne it in Naples as his slave,—*esclave de ce maudit Corse, de ce Corse rusé*. She partially revenged herself, woman like, by a fling at Josephine on hearing of the institution of the Order of the Iron Crown: 'Josephine aussi crée un ordre—une étoile qui se porte sur la poitrine. Moi je lui donne la devise, Honni soit qui mal n'en pense.'

After reading a letter addressed to her by Napoleon, Elliot writes: 'The first feeling of a gentleman on reading such a letter, addressed to a princess, wife of a sovereign, daughter of Maria Theresa, must be a strong desire to inflict personal chastisement on the writer. The arm and not the pen would give the fittest answer.' That Napoleon was utterly destitute of chivalrous or even gentlemanlike feeling, where women were concerned, might be proved by a multitude of instances. It is sufficient to refer to his treatment of the Queen of Prussia and Madame de Staël, who, each in her several way, exacted a complete though (in the unfortunate Queen's case) posthumous retribution. Speaking of Queen Caroline of Naples, Lady Minto says:—

* No. 221, Jan. 1862, pp. 44-46.

'Numbers of her letters lie before me, some written in moments of intense agitation, others on the most trivial occasions; but in almost all there are some characteristic traits which account for the influence the Queen obtained over those whom she could not dupe. She carried into her intercourse with the persons in her confidence the charm of a kindly *bonhomie*, of a high spirit, and of the indiscretion which looks so like, but is not, trust. Love of children was a marked feature in her character, and there are not, among some hundred letters, half a dozen without a kindly mention of Mr. Elliot's youthful family — "Comment vont les chers, les intéressans enfans?" "Que les chers enfans prient pour moi." "Mes amitiés à l'excellente Madame Elliot et à la petite charmante colonie." "Je suis touchée de l'amitié des enfans." These and similar phrases recur perpetually in letters containing the most important information, and often half illegible from the emotion of the writer.

'Almost as numerous are the words of praise and affection lavished on Lord Nelson: — "Que fait-il, où est-il, mon héros — le brave et digne Nelson?" The sight of an English sloop, a vessel of war, carrying despatches to Nelson, and beating out of port in a high sea, and in the teeth of a heavy gale, brought an admiring note from the Queen: — "Je l'ai suivi avec mes lunettes, et mes vœux accompagnaient le vaisseau et les matelots Anglais. Courage, enthousiasme, sentimens de devoir, sont des qualités qui font un grand peuple."

'Queen Caroline attached great importance to personal interviews with all those who, however remotely, were engaged in her service. Not content with letters from Lord Nelson, or with the information conveyed in his despatches to Mr. Elliot, she frequently chose to see the officers in command of the vessels despatched by him to carry his correspondence to Naples. On one occasion Mr. Elliot informed her the captain would not be able to wait upon her, having no suitable dress in which to appear before her Majesty. Her answer was short: — "Que me fait l'habit? Je veux voir l'homme, présentez-le." In one of the Queen's notes she begs Mr. Elliot to come to her, to hear from herself the expression of her admiration for the humane action he had so gloriously performed.'

This action has been described by a pen which insured it the widest renown and will transmit it to the latest posterity. We translate from *Corinne*:

'The weather began to change when they (Oswald and Corinne) arrived at Naples; the sky darkened, and the storm, whilst announcing its coming in the air, strongly agitated the waves, as if the tempest of the sea responded to the tempest of the sky. Oswald had preceded Corinne by some paces, because he wished to procure torches to conduct her more safely to her dwelling. As he was passing the quay, he saw

some Lazzaroni, who were crying out at the pitch of their voices, "Ah! poor fellow, he cannot escape; we must have patience — he will perish!" "What are you saying?" exclaimed Lord Nelvil with impetuosity — "Of whom are you speaking?" "Of a poor old man," was their reply, "who was bathing below there, not far from the wall, but who has been caught by the storm, and has not strength enough to struggle against the waves and regain the shore." The first movement of Oswald was to plunge into the water; but reflecting on the alarm that he might cause Corinne when she came up, he offered all the money he had about him, with a promise of doubling it, to any one who would save the old man. The Lazzaroni refused, saying, "We are too much afraid; there is too much danger; it cannot be done." At this moment the old man disappeared under the waves. Oswald hesitated no longer, and plunged into the sea, despite of the waves which broke over his head. He, however, struggled happily against them, reached the old man, who in another instant would have been lost, caught hold of him, and brought him safe to shore.'

It is stated in an original note to this passage that 'Mr. Elliot, the English minister, saved the life of an old man at Naples in the same manner as Lord Nelvil.'

The mission to the Court of the Two Sicilies terminated in 1806, and he remained unemployed till 1809, when he was appointed Governor of the Leeward Islands. In one of these, Tortola, he gave a marked proof of firmness and love of justice by refusing to respite the execution of a planter, highly connected, who had completed a series of revolting cruelties by the murder of a slave under the most aggravating circumstances. 'His victims,' wrote Elliot, 'have been numerous. Some of them were even buried in their chains, and there have been found upon the bones taken from the grave chains and iron rings of nearly forty pounds weight.' Seven of the jury, who could not help convicting him, recommended this man to mercy!

In 1814, Elliot was recalled to receive the appointment of Governor of Madras, for which he sailed in May, with his family, having first been sworn a member of the Privy Council.

This government gave him no opportunity of acquiring distinction; at all events, nothing remarkable is recorded of it. After mentioning its termination in 1820, Lady Minto goes on to say: —

'For the remainder of his life Mr. Elliot resided chiefly in London, where some still survive who remember the charm of his society. One who knew him well described his conversation as "a shower of pearls and diamonds," so

sparkling and so spontaneous; but whatever the felicity of his talk, or the grace of his manner, by his descendants he is best remembered for the gifts of heart and mind which made him beloved by a large and devoted family.'

He died on the 2nd of December, 1830, and was buried by the side of his brother (the first Earl of Minto) in Westminster Abbey.

We conclude in a state of mind rarely experienced by a reviewer at the comple-

tion of his task. *L'appetit vient en mangeant.* Like Oliver Twist, we feel irresistibly impelled to ask for more. If the remainder of the partially-quoted or suppressed letters correspond either with the specimens or with Lady Minto's description of them, she has been decidedly too chary in her selections; and her single volume might, we venture to predicate, be advantageously enlarged, if not expanded into two.

ELECTRICITY.—Dr. Pogglioli read a paper at a late sitting of the Academy of Medicine on Physical and Intellectual Development of Youth by Electricity. He remarked that De Candolle had quoted experiments to show that vegetation is much richer and quicker in its growth when electrified than otherwise. Seeds subjected to the action of this fluid would yield better produce than others, and in a shorter time. Starting from these data, Dr. Pogglioli conceived the idea that a similar action might be proved to exist in the animal kingdom, and especially in the case of young subjects. He informed the learned body that in 1853 he had read a paper to the Academy of Sciences, proving that the energies of certain faculties might be shown to be in proportion to the electric development of the regions in which they reside; and he now thought himself in possession of facts which might prove highly interesting in a hygienic, scientific, and even social point of view. He could adduce five instances of children, varying between the ages of four and sixteen, and having all attained a remarkable development, both in a physical and an intellectual sense. Among these there was a child which might be considered a phenomenon of deformity and stupidity, and that, under the influence of electricity, grew three centimetres in a single month, and has since been always first, instead of last, in his class. From this Dr. Pogglioli concludes that the electric fluid exercises a direct influence over the physical and intellectual development of young subjects; and he proposes that, by way of experiment, the six last pupils of each class be taken in a lyceum or college, and subjected to his electrical treatment.

WASHABLE INDIAN INK.—Architects and draughtsmen generally know the difficulty—in fact, impossibility—of obtaining Indian ink that will not run when coloured over. Mr. Stanley, of Great Turnstile, Holborn, has produced an ink which he describes as being simply a solution of redissolved Chinese ink, to which is added a chemical mucilage which renders the ink insoluble after it has dried upon the paper. We (*Builder*) have practically tried this with the most severe test—namely, on tracing cloth. When the usual Indian ink is used on this material, draughtsmen know the result if any at-

tempt be made to colour over it: consequently the colour has to be applied to the back of the drawing. The new ink will neither wash up nor blurr. We have tested it also on parchment, with the same satisfactory result. As to the ultimate action or effect of the chemical mucilage employed, we know nothing; but the truth of the statement made by Mr. Stanley—that it will not wash up nor blurr—we can from practice safely substantiate; and we make this clear expression of our opinion because we believe the ink will be a boon to the architectural and mechanical draughtsman. In other words, this really is an invention that "will wash."

PURIFICATION OF IRON.—To remove the sulphur, phosphorus, and other impurities from iron and steel manufactured by the Bessemer process, Mr. J. T. Bennett, of Pittsburg, United States, proposes, says the *Mining Journal*, to force through a stream of carbonic acid gas, instead of, or in combination with, atmospheric air. He considers that the oxygen of the carbonic acid will combine with the sulphur in the iron, forming sulphurous acid gas, leaving the carbon free in the iron. He states that the same process is applicable to the removal of sulphur and other impurities from the sulphurets of copper, zinc, nickel, and other metals, by passing the blast or current through the metals when in a molten state.

REFRIGERATING RAILROAD CARS.—On the track of the Hudson River Railroad, in West Broadway, near Chambers-street, there is at present a railroad car designed for the transportation of fruit, fish, flesh, and other perishable productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, long distances at moderate cost and without deterioration. The car is so constructed that any degree of cold from zero upwards can be obtained, and in such a manner that while the most delicate fruits may be preserved for weeks they will not be frosted. The car is, in fact, a huge fruit or meat preserver, acting on the principle of the preserving jar or can, the only difference being that one obtains by the introduction of cold what the other secures by heat—namely, the expulsion of the atmosphere.

CHAPTER LI.

TROUBLES AT LOUGHLINTER.

THERE was a dull house at Loughlinter during the greater part of this autumn. A few men went down for the grouse shooting late in the season; but they stayed but a short time, and when they went Lady Laura was left alone with her husband. Mr. Kennedy had explained to his wife, more than once, that though he understood the duties of hospitality and enjoyed the performance of them, he had not married with the intention of living in a whirlwind. He was disposed to think that the whirlwind had hitherto been too predominant, and had said so very plainly with a good deal of marital authority. This autumn and winter were to be devoted to the cultivation of proper relations between him and his wife. "Does that mean Darby and Joan?" his wife had asked him, when the proposition was made to her. "It means mutual regard and esteem," replied Mr. Kennedy in his most solemn tone, "and I trust that such mutual regard and esteem between us may yet be possible." When Lady Laura showed him a letter from her brother, received some weeks after this conversation, in which Lord Chiltern expressed his intention of coming to Loughlinter for Christmas, he returned the note to his wife without a word. He suspected that she had made the arrangement without asking him, and was angry; but he would not tell her that her brother would not be welcome at his house. "It is not my doing," she said, when she saw the frown on his brow.

"I said nothing about anybody's doing," he replied.

"I will write to Oswald and bid him not come, if you wish it. Of course you can understand why he is coming."

"Not to see me, I am sure," said Mr. Kennedy.

"Nor me," replied Lady Laura. "He is coming because my friend Violet Effingham will be here."

"Miss Effingham! Why was I not told of this? I knew nothing of Miss Effingham's coming."

"Robert, it was settled in your own presence last July."

"I deny it."

Then Lady Laura rose up, very haughty in her gait and with something of fire in her eye, and silently left the room. Mr. Kennedy, when he found himself alone, was very unhappy. Looking back in his mind to the summer weeks in London, he remembered that his wife had told Violet that she was to spend her Christmas at Loughlinter,

that he himself had given a muttered assent, and that Violet,—as far as he could remember,—had made no reply. It had been one of those things which are so often mentioned, but not settled. He felt that he had been strictly right in denying that it had been "settled" in his presence;—but yet he felt that he had been wrong in contradicting his wife so peremptorily. He was a just man, and he would apologise for his fault; but he was an austere man, and would take back the value of his apology in additional austerity. He did not see his wife for some hours after the conversation which has been narrated, but when he did meet her his mind was still full of the subject. "Laura," he said, "I am sorry that I contradicted you."

"I am quite used to it, Robert."

"No; you are not used to it." She smiled and bowed her head. "You wrong me by saying that you are used to it." Then he paused a moment, but she said not a word,—only smiled and bowed her head again. "I remember," he continued, "that something was said in my presence to Miss Effingham about her coming here at Christmas. It was so slight, however, that it had passed out of my memory till recalled by an effort. I beg your pardon."

"That is unnecessary, Robert."

"It is, dear."

"And do you wish that I should put her off,—or put Oswald off,—or both? My brother never yet has seen me in your house."

"And whose fault has that been?"

"I have said nothing about anybody's fault, Robert. I merely mentioned a fact. Will you let me know whether I shall bid him stay away?"

"He is welcome to come,—only I do not like assignments for love-making."

"Assignations!"

"Clandestine meetings. Lady Baldock would not wish it."

"Lady Baldock! Do you think that Violet would exercise any secrecy in the matter,—or that she will not tell Lady Baldock that Oswald will be here,—as soon as she knows it herself?"

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Surely, Robert, it must have much to do with it. And why should not these two young people meet? The acknowledged wish of all the family is that they should marry each other. And in this matter, at any rate, my brother has behaved uniformly well." Mr. Kennedy said nothing further at the time, and it became an understanding that Violet Effingham was to be a month at Loughlinter, staying from the 20th of

December to the 20th of January, and that Lord Chiltern was to come there for Christmas,—which with him would probably mean three days.

Before Christmas came, however, there were various other sources of uneasiness at Loughlinter. There had been, as a matter of course, great anxiety as to the elections. With Lady Laura this anxiety had been very strong, and even Mr. Kennedy had been warmed with some amount of fire as the announcements reached him of the successes and of the failures. The English returns came first,—and then the Scotch, which were quite as interesting to Mr. Kennedy as the English. His own seat was quite safe,—was not contested; but some neighbouring seats were sources of great solicitude. Then, when this was over, there were the tidings from Ireland to be received; and respecting one special borough in Ireland, Lady Laura evinced more solicitude than her husband approved. There was much danger for the domestic bliss of the house of Loughlinter, when things came to such a pass, and such words were spoken, as the election at Loughshane produced.

"He is in," said Lady Laura, opening a telegram.

"Who is in?" said Mr. Kennedy, with that frown on his brow to which his wife was now well accustomed. Though he asked the question, he knew very well who was the hero to whom the telegram referred.

"Our friend Phineas Finn," said Lady Laura, speaking still with an excited voice,—with a voice that was intended to display excitement. If there was to be a battle on this matter, there should be a battle. She would display all her anxiety for her young friend, and fling it in her husband's face if he chose to take it as an injury. What,—should she endure reproach from her husband because she regarded the interests of the man who had saved his life, of the man respecting whom she had suffered so many heart-struggles, and as to whom she had at last come to the conclusion that he should ever be regarded as a second brother, loved equally with the elder brother? She had done her duty by her husband,—so at least she assured herself;—and should he dare to reproach her on this subject, she would be ready for the battle. And now the battle came. "I am glad of this," she said, with all the eagerness she could throw into her voice. "I am, indeed;—and so ought you to be." The husband's brow grew blacker and blacker, but still he said nothing. He had long been too proud to be jealous, and was now too proud to express his jealousy,—if only he could

keep the expression back. But his wife would not leave the subject. "I am so thankful for this," she said, pressing the telegram between her hands. "I was so afraid he would fail!"

"You over-do your anxiety on such a subject," at last he said, speaking very slowly.

"What do you mean, Robert? How can I be over-anxious? If it concerned any other dear friend that I have in the world, it would not be an affair of life and death. To him it is almost so. I would have walked from here to London to get him his election." And as she spoke she held up the clenched fist of her left hand, and shook it, while she still held the telegram in her right hand.

"Laura, I must tell you that it is improper that you should speak of any man in those terms;—of any man that is a stranger to your blood."

"A stranger to my blood! What has that to do with it? This man is my friend, is your friend;—saved your life, has been my brother's best friend, is loved by my father,—and is loved by me, very dearly. Tell me what you mean by improper!"

"I will not have you love any man,—very dearly."

"Robert!"

"I tell you that I will have no such expressions from you. They are unseemly, and are used only to provoke me."

"Am I to understand that I am insulted by an accusation? If so, let me beg at once that I may be allowed to go to Saulsby. I would rather accept your apology and retraction there than here."

"You will not go to Saulsby, and there has been no accusation, and there will be no apology. If you please there will be no mention of Mr. Finn's name between us, for the present. If you will take my advice, you will cease to think of him extravagantly;—and I must desire you to hold no further direct communication with him."

"I have held no communication with him," said Lady Laura, advancing a step towards him. But Mr. Kennedy simply pointed to the telegram in her hand and left the room. Now in respect to this telegram there had been an unfortunate mistake. I am not prepared to say that there was any reason why Phineas himself should not have sent the news of his success to Lady Laura; but he had not done so. The piece of paper which she still held crushed in her hand was in itself very innocent. "Hurrah for the Loughshanes. Finny has done the trick." Such were the words written on the slip, and they had been sent to Lady Laura

by her young cousin, the clerk in the office who acted as private secretary to the Under Secretary of State. Lady Laura resolved that her husband should never see those innocent but rather undignified words. The occasion had become one of importance, and such words were unworthy of it. Besides, she would not condescend to defend herself by bringing forward a telegram as evidence in her favour. So she burned the morsel of paper.

Lady Laura and Mr. Kennedy did not meet again till late that evening. She was ill, she said, and would not come down to dinner. After dinner she wrote him a note. "Dear Robert, I think you must regret what you said to me. If so, pray let me have a line to that effect. Yours affectionately, L." When the servant handed it to him, and he had read it, he smiled and thanked the girl who had brought it, and said he would see her mistress just now. Anything would be better than that the servants should know that there was a quarrel. But every servant in the house had known all about it for the last three hours. When the door was closed and he was alone, he sat fingering the note, thinking deeply how he should answer it, or whether he would answer it at all. No; he would not answer it;—not in writing. He would give his wife no written record of his humiliation.

He had not acted wrongly. He had said nothing more than now, upon mature consideration, he thought that the circumstances demanded. But yet he felt that he must in some sort withdraw the accusation which he had made. If he did not withdraw it, there was no knowing what his wife might do. About ten in the evening he went up to her and made his little speech. "My dear, I have come to answer your note."

"I thought you would have written to me a line."

"I have come instead, Laura. Now, if you will listen to me for one moment, I think everything will be made smooth."

"Of course I will listen," said Lady Laura, knowing very well that her husband's moment would be rather tedious, and resolving that she also would have her moment afterwards.

"I think you will acknowledge that if there be a difference of opinion between you and me as to any question of social intercourse, it will be better that you should consent to adopt my opinion."

"You have the law on your side."

"I am not speaking of the law."

"Well;—go on, Robert. I will not interrupt you if I can help it."

"I am not speaking of the law. I am speaking simply of convenience, and of that which you must feel to be right. If I wish that your intercourse with any person should be of such or such a nature, it must be best that you should comply with my wishes." He paused for her assent, but she neither assented nor dissented. "As far as I can understand the position of a man and wife in this country, there is no other way in which life can be made harmonious."

"Life will not run in harmonies."

"I expect that ours shall be made to do so, Laura. I need hardly say to you that I intend to accuse you of no impropriety of feeling in reference to this young man."

"No, Robert; you need hardly say that. Indeed, to speak my own mind, I think that you need hardly have alluded to it. I might go further, and say that such an allusion is in itself an insult,—an insult now repeated after hours of deliberation,—an insult which I will not endure to have repeated again. If you say another word in any way suggesting the possibility of improper relations between me and Mr. Finn, either as to deeds or thoughts, as God is above me, I will write to both my father and my brother, and desire them to take me from your house. If you wish me to remain here, you had better be careful!"

As she was making this speech, her temper seemed to rise, and to become hot, and then hotter, till it glowed with a red heat. She had been cool till the word insult, used by herself, had conveyed back to her a strong impression of her own wrong,—or perhaps I should rather say a strong feeling of the necessity of becoming indignant. She was standing as she spoke, and the fire flashed from her eyes, and he quailed before her. The threat which she held out to him was very dreadful to him. He was a man, terribly in fear of the world's good opinion, who lacked the courage to go through a great and harassing trial in order that something better might come afterwards. His married life had been unhappy. His wife had not submitted either to his will or to his ways. He had that great desire to enjoy his full rights, so strong in the minds of weak, ambitious men, and he had told himself that a wife's obedience was one of those rights which he could not abandon without injury to his self-esteem. He had thought about the matter, slowly as was his wont, and had resolved that he would assert himself. He had asserted himself, and his wife told him to his face that she would go away and leave him. He could detain her legally, but he could not do even that

without the fact of such forcible detention being known to all the world. How was he to answer her now at this moment, so that she might not write to her father, and so that his self-assertion might still be maintained?

"Passion, Laura, can never be right."

"Would you have a woman submit to insult without passion? I at any rate am not such a woman." Then there was a pause for a moment. "If you have nothing else to say to me, you had better leave me. I am far from well, and my head is throbbing."

He came up and took her hand, but she snatched it away from him. "Laura," he said, "do not let us quarrel."

"I certainly shall quarrel if such insinuations are repeated."

"I made no insinuation."

"Do not repeat them. That is all."

He was cowed and left her, having first attempted to get out of the difficulty of his position by making much of her alleged illness, and by offering to send for Dr. Macknuthrie. She positively refused to see Dr. Macknuthrie, and at last succeeded in inducing him to quit the room.

This had occurred about the end of November, and on the 20th of December Violet Effingham reached Loughlinter. Life in Mr. Kennedy's house had gone quietly during the intervening three weeks, but not very pleasantly. The name of Phineas Finn had not been mentioned. Lady Laura had triumphed; but she had no desire to accerbate her husband by any unpalatable allusion to her victory. And he was quite willing to let the subject die away, if only it would die. On some other matters he continued to assert himself, taking his wife to church twice every Sunday, using longer family prayers than she approved, reading an additional sermon himself every Sunday evening, calling upon her for weekly attention to elaborate household accounts, asking for her personal assistance in much local visiting, initiating her into his favourite methods of family life in the country, till sometimes she almost longed to talk again about Phineas Finn, so that there might be a rupture, and she might escape. But her husband asserted himself within bounds, and she submitted, longing for the coming of Violet Effingham. She could not write to her father and beg to be taken away because her husband would read a sermon to her on Sunday evening.

To Violet, very shortly after her arrival, she told her whole story.

"This is terrible," said Violet. "This

makes me feel that I never will be married."

"And yet what can a woman become if she remains single? The curse is to be a woman at all."

"I have always felt so proud of the privileges of my sex," said Violet.

"I never have found them," said the other; "never. I have tried to make the best of its weaknesses, and this is what I have come to! I suppose I ought to have loved some man."

"And did you never love any man?"

"No;—I think I never did,—not as people mean when they speak of love. I have felt that I would consent to be cut in little pieces for my brother,—because of my regard for him."

"Ah, that is nothing."

"And I have felt something of the same thing for another,—a longing for his welfare, a delight in hearing him praised, a charm in his presence,—so strong a feeling for his interest, that were he to go to wrack and ruin, I too should, after a fashion, be wracked and ruined. But it has not been love either."

"Do I know whom you mean? May I name him? It is Phineas Finn."

"Of course it is Phineas Finn."

"Did he ever ask you,—to love him?"

"I feared he would do so, and therefore accepted Mr. Kennedy's offer almost at the first word."

"I do not quite understand your reasoning, Laura."

"I understand it. I could have refused him nothing in my power to give him, but I did not wish to be his wife."

"And he never asked you?"

Lady Laura paused a moment, thinking what reply she should make;—and then she told a fib. "No; he never asked me." But Violet did not believe the fib. Violet was quite sure that Phineas had asked Lady Laura Standish to be his wife. "As far as I can see," said Violet, "Madame Max Goesler is his present passion."

"I do not believe it in the least," said Lady Laura, firing up.

"It does not much matter," said Violet.

"It would matter very much. You know, you,—you,—you know whom he loves. And I do believe that sooner or later you will be his wife."

"Never."

"Yes, you will. Had you not loved him, you would never have condescended to accuse him about that woman."

"I have not accused him. Why should he not marry Madame Max Goesler? It

would be just the thing for him. She is very rich."

"Never. You will be his wife."

"Laura, you are the most capricious of women. You have two dear friends, and you insist that I shall marry them both. Which shall I take first?"

"Oswald will be here in a day or two, you can take him if you like it. No doubt he will ask you. But I do not think you will."

"No; I do not think I shall. I shall knock under to Mr. Mill, and go in for women's rights, and look forward to stand for some female borough. Matrimony never seemed to me to be very charming, and upon my word it does not become more alluring by what I find at Loughlinter."

It was thus that Violet and Lady Laura discussed these matters together, but Violet had never showed to her friend the cards in her hand, as Lady Laura had shown those which she held. Lady Laura had in fact told almost everything that there was to tell, — had spoken either plainly with true words, or equally plainly with words that were not true. Violet Effingham had almost come to love Phineas Finn; — but she never told her friend it was so. At one time she had almost made up her mind to give herself and all her wealth to this adventurer. He was a better man, she thought, than Lord Chiltern; and she had come to persuade herself that it was almost imperative on her to take the one or the other. Though she could talk of remaining unmarried, she knew that that was practically impossible. All those all around her, — those of the Baldock as well as those of the Brentford faction, — would make such a life impossible to her. Besides, in such a case what could she do? It was all very well to talk of disregarding the world and setting up a house for herself; — but she was quite aware that that project could not be used further than for the purpose of scaring her amiable aunt. And if not that, — then could she content herself to look forward to a joint life with Lady Baldock and Augusta Boreham? She might, of course, oblige her aunt by taking Lord Fawn, or oblige her aunt equally by taking Mr. Appledom; but she was strongly of opinion that either Lord Chiltern or Phineas would be preferable to these. Thinking over it always she had come to feel that it must be either Lord Chiltern or Phineas; but she had never whispered her thought to man or woman. On her journey to Loughlinter, where she knew that she was to meet Lord Chiltern, she endeavoured to persuade herself that it should be Phineas. But Lady Laura had marred it all by that ill-

told fib. There had been a moment before in which Violet had felt that Phineas had sacrificed something of that truth of love for which she gave him credit to the glances of Madame Goesler's eyes; but she had rebuked herself for the idea, accusing herself not only of little jealousy, but of foolish vanity. Was he whom she had rejected, not to speak to another woman? Then came the blow from Lady Laura, and Violet knew that it was a blow. This gallant lover, this young Crichton, this unassuming but ardent lover, had simply taken up with her as soon as he had failed with her friend. Lady Laura had been most enthusiastic in her expressions of friendship. Such Platonic regards might be all very well. It was for Mr. Kennedy to look to that. But, for herself, she felt that such expressions were hardly compatible with her ideas of having her lover all to herself. And then she again remembered Madame Goesler's bright blue eyes.

Lord Chiltern came on Christmas eve, and was received with open arms by his sister, and with that painful, irritating affection which such a girl as Violet can show to such a man as Lord Chiltern, when she will not give him that other affection for which his heart is panting. The two men were civil to each other, — but very cold. They called each other Kennedy and Chiltern, but even that was not done without an effort. On the Christmas morning Mr. Kennedy asked his brother-in-law to go to church. "It's a kind of thing I never do," said Lord Chiltern. Mr. Kennedy gave a little start, and looked a look of horror. Lady Laura showed that she was unhappy. Violet Effingham turned away her face, and smiled.

As they walked across the park, Violet took Lord Chiltern's part. "He only means that he does not go to church on Christmas day."

"I don't know what he means," said Mr. Kennedy.

"We need not speak of it," said Lady Laura.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Kennedy.

"I have been to church with him on Sundays myself," said Violet, perhaps not reflecting that the practices of early years had little to do with the young man's life at present.

Christmas day and the next day passed without any sign from Lord Chiltern, and on the day after that he was to go away. But he was not to leave till one or two in the afternoon. Not a word had been said between the two women, since he had been in the house, on the subject of which both of them were thinking. Very much had

been said of the expediency of his going to Saulsby, but on this matter he had declined to make any promise. Sitting in Lady Laura's room, in the presence of both of them, he had refused to do so. "I am bad to drive," said he turning to Violet, "and you had better not try to drive me."

"Why should not you be driven as well as another?" she answered, laughing.

CHAPTER LII.

THE FIRST BLOW.

LORD CHILTERN, though he had passed two entire days in the house with Violet without renewing his suit, had come to Loughlinter for the express purpose of doing so, and had his plans perfectly fixed in his own mind. After breakfast on that last morning he was upstairs with his sister in her own room, and immediately made his request to her. "Laura," he said, "go down like a good girl, and make Violet come up here." She stood a moment looking at him and smiled. "And, mind," he continued, "you are not to come back yourself. I must have Violet alone."

"But suppose Violet will not come? Young ladies do not generally wait upon young men on such occasions."

"No;—but I rank her so high among young women, that I think she will have common sense enough to teach her that, after what has passed between us, I have a right to ask for an interview, and that it may be more conveniently had here than in the wilderness of the house below."

Whatever may have been the arguments used by her friend, Violet did come. She reached the door all alone, and opened it bravely. She had promised herself, as she came along the passages, that she would not pause with her hand on the lock for a moment. She had first gone to her own room, and as she left it she had looked into the glass with a hurried glance, and had then rested for a moment,—thinking that something should be done, that her hair might be smoothed, or a ribbon set straight, or the chain arranged under her brooch. A girl would wish to look well before her lover, even when she means to refuse him. But her pause was but for an instant, and then she went on, having touched nothing. She shook her head and pressed her hands together, and went on quick and opened the door,—almost with a little start. "Violet, this is very good of you," said Lord Chiltern, standing with his back to the fire, and not moving from the spot.

"Laura has told me that you thought I

would do as much as this for you, and therefore I have done it."

"Thanks, dearest. It is the old story, Violet, and I am so bad at words!"

"I must have been bad at words too, as I have not been able to make you understand."

"I think I have understood. You are always clear-spoken, and I, though I cannot talk, am not muddle-pated. I have understood. But while you are single there must be yet hope;—unless, indeed, you will tell me that you have already given yourself to another man."

"I have not done that."

"Then how can I not hope? Violet, I would if I could tell you all my feelings plainly. Once, twice, thrice, I have said to myself that I would think of you no more. I have tried to persuade myself that I am better single than married."

"But I am not the only woman."

"To me you are,—absolutely, as though there were none other on the face of God's earth. I live much alone; but you are always with me. Should you marry any other man, it will be the same with me still. If you refuse me now I shall go away,—and live wildly."

"Oswald, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I will go to some distant part of the world, where I may be killed or live a life of adventure. But I shall do so simply in despair. It will not be that I do not know how much better and greater should be the life at home of a man in my position."

"Then do not talk of going."

"I cannot stay. You will acknowledge, Violet, that I have never lied to you. I am thinking of you day and night. The more indifferent you show yourself to me, the more I love you. Violet, try to love me." He came up to her, and took her by both her hands, and tears were in his eyes.

"Say you will try to love me."

"It is not that," said Violet, looking away, but still leaving her hands with him.

"It is not what, dear?"

"What you call,—trying."

"It is that you do not wish to try?"

"Oswald, you are so violent, so headstrong. I am afraid of you,—as is everybody. Why have you not written to your father, as we have asked you?"

"I will write to him instantly, now, before I leave the room, and you shall dictate the letter to him. By heavens, you shall!" He had dropped her hands when she called him violent; but now he took them again, and still she permitted it. "I have post-

poned it only till I had spoken to you once again."

"No, Lord Chiltern, I will not dictate to you."

"But will you love me?" She paused and looked down, having even now not withdrawn her hands from him. But I do not think he knew how much he had gained.

"You used to love me, — a little," he said.

"Indeed, — indeed, I did."

"And now? Is it all changed now?"

"No," she said, retreating from him.

"How is it, then? Violet, speak to me honestly. Will you be my wife?" She did not answer him, and he stood for a moment looking at her. Then he rushed at her, and, seizing her in his arms, kissed her all over, — her forehead, her lips, her cheeks, then both her hands, and then her lips again. "By G —, she is my own!" he said. Then he went back to the rug before the fire, and stood there with his back turned to her. Violet, when she found herself thus deserted, retreated to a sofa, and sat herself down. She had no negative to produce now in answer to the violent assertion which he had pronounced as to his own success. It was true. She had doubted, and doubted, — and still doubted. But now she must doubt no longer. Of one thing she was quite sure. She could love him. As things had now gone, she would make him quite happy with assurances on that subject. As to that other question, — that fearful question, whether or not she could trust him, — on that matter she had better at present say nothing, and think as little, perhaps, as might be. She had taken the jump, and therefore why should she not be gracious to him? But how was she to be gracious to a lover who stood there with his back turned to her?

After the interval of a minute or two he remembered himself, and turned round. Seeing her seated, he approached her, and went down on both knees close at her feet. Then he took her hands again, for the third time, and looked up into her eyes.

"Oswald, you on your knees!" she said.

"I would not bend to a princess," he said, "to ask for half her throne; but I will kneel here all day, if you will let me, in thanks for the gift of your love. I never kneeled to beg for it."

"This is the man who cannot make speeches."

"I think I could talk now by the hour, with you for a listener."

"Oh, but I must talk too."

"What will you say to me?"

"Nothing while you are kneeling. It is not natural that you should kneel. You

are like Samson with his locks shorn, or Hercules with a distaff."

"Is that better?" he said, as he got up and put his arm around her waist.

"You are in earnest?" she asked.

"In earnest. I hardly thought that that would be doubted. Do you not believe me?"

"I do believe you. And you will be good?"

"Ah, — I do not know that."

"Try, and I will love you so dearly. Nay, I do love you dearly. I do. I do."

"Say it again."

"I will say it fifty times, — till your ears are weary with it;" — and she did say it to him, after her own fashion, fifty times.

"This is a great change," he said, getting up after a while and walking about the room.

"But a change for the better; — is it not, Oswald?"

"So much for the better that I hardly know myself in my new joy. But, Violet, we'll have no delay, — will we? No shilly-shallying. What is the use of waiting now that it's settled?"

"None in the least, Lord Chiltern. Let us say, — this day twelvemonth."

"You are laughing at me, Violet."

"Remember, sir, that the first thing you have to do is to write to your father."

He instantly went to the writing-table and took up paper and pen. "Come along," he said. "You are to dictate it." But this she refused to do, telling him that he must write his letter to his father out of his own head, and out of his own heart. "I cannot write it," he said, throwing down the pen. "My blood is in such a tumult that I cannot steady my hand."

"You must not be so tumultuous, Oswald, or I shall have to live in a whirlwind."

"Oh, I shall shake down. I shall become as steady as an old stager. I'll go as quiet in harness by-and-by as though I had been broken to it a four-year-old. I wonder whether Laura could not write this letter."

"I think you should write it yourself, Oswald."

"If you bid me I will."

"Bid you indeed! As if it were for me to bid you. Do you not know that in these new troubles you are undertaking you will have to bid me in everything, and that I shall be bound to do your bidding? Does it not seem to be dreadful? My wonder is that any girl can ever accept any man."

"But you have accepted me, now."

"Yes, indeed."

"And you repent?"

"No, indeed, and I will try to do your

biddings;—but you must not be rough to me, and outrageous, and fierce,—will you, Oswald?"

"I will not at any rate be like Kennedy is with poor Laura."

"No;—that is not your nature."

"I will do my best, dearest. And you may at any rate be sure of this, that I will love you always. So much good of myself, if it be good, I can say."

"It is very good," she answered; "the best of all good words. And now I must go. And as you are leaving Loughlinter I will say good-bye. When am I to have the honour and felicity of beholding your lordship again?"

"Say a nice word to me before I am off, Violet."

"I,—love,—you,—better,—than all the world beside; and I mean,—to be your wife,—some day. Are not these twenty nice words?"

He would not prolong his stay at Loughlinter, though he was asked to do so both by Violet and his sister, and though, as he confessed himself, he had no special business elsewhere. "It is no use mincing the matter. I don't like Kennedy, and I don't like being in his house," he said to Violet. And then he promised that there should be a party got up at Saulsby before the winter was over. His plan was to stop that night at Carlisle, and write to his father from thence. "Your blood, perhaps, won't be so tumultuous at Carlisle," said Violet. He shook his head and went on with his plans. He would then go on to London and down to Wallingford, and there wait for his father's answer. "There is no reason why I should lose more of the hunting than necessary." "Pray don't lose a day for me," said Violet. As soon as he heard from his father, he would do his father's bidding. "You will go to Saulsby," said Violet; "you can hunt at Saulsby, you know." "I will go to Jericho if he asks me, only you will have to go with me." "I thought we were to go to,—Belgium," said Violet.

"And so that is settled at last," said Violet to Laura that night.

"I hope you do not regret it."

"On the contrary, I am as happy as the moments are long."

"My fine girl!"

"I am happy because I love him. I have always loved him. You have known that."

"Indeed, no."

"But I have, after my fashion. I am not tumultuous, as he calls himself. Since he began to make eyes at me when he was nineteen——"

"Fancy Oswald making eyes!"

"Oh, he did, and mouths too. But from the beginning, when I was a child, I have known that he was dangerous, and I have thought that he would pass on and forget me after a while. And I could have lived without him. Nay, there have been moments when I thought I could learn to love some one else."

"Poor Phineas, for instance."

"We will mention no names. Mr. Appledom, perhaps, more likely. He has been my most constant lover, and then he would be so safe! Your brother, Laura, is dangerous. He is like the bad ice in the parks where they stick up the poles. He has had a pole stuck upon him ever since he was a boy."

"Yes;—give a dog a bad name and hang him."

"Remember that I do not love him a bit the less on that account;—perhaps the better. A sense of danger does not make me unhappy, though the threatened evil may be fatal. I have entered myself for my forlorn hope, and I mean to stick to it. Now I must go and write to his worship. Only think,—I never wrote a love-letter yet!"

Nothing more shall be said about Miss Effingham's first love-letter, which was, no doubt, creditable to her head and heart; but there were two other letters sent by the same post from Loughlinter which shall be submitted to the reader, as they will assist the telling of the story. One was from Lady Laura Kennedy to her friend Phineas Finn, and the other from Violet to her aunt, Lady Baldock. No letter was written to Lord Brentford, as it was thought desirable that he should receive the first intimation of what had been done from his son.

Respecting the letter to Phineas, which shall be first given, Lady Laura thought it right to say a word to her husband. He had been of course told of the engagement, and had replied that he could have wished that the arrangement could have been made elsewhere than at his house, knowing as he did that Lady Baldock would not approve of it. To this Lady Laura had made no reply, and Mr. Kennedy had condescended to congratulate the bride-elect. When Lady Laura's letter to Phineas was completed she took care to put it into the letter-box in the presence of her husband. "I have written to Mr. Finn," she said, "to tell him of this marriage."

"Why was it necessary that he should be told?"

"I think it was due to him,—from certain circumstances."

"I wonder whether there was any truth in what everybody was saying about their fighting a duel?" asked Mr. Kennedy. His wife made no answer, and then he continued—"You told me of your own knowledge that it was untrue."

"Not of my own knowledge, Robert."

"Yes;—of your own knowledge." Then Mr. Kennedy walked away, and was certain that his wife had deceived him about the duel. There had been a duel, and she had known it; and yet she had told him that the report was a ridiculous fabrication. He never forgot anything. He remembered at this moment the words of the falsehood, and the look of her face as she told it. He had believed her implicitly, but he would never believe her again. He was one of those men who, in spite of their experience of the world, of their experience of their own lives, imagine that lips that have once lied can never tell the truth.

Lady Laura's letter to Phineas was as follows:—

"Loughlinter, December 28th, 186—.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Violet Effingham is here, and Oswald has just left us. It is possible that you may see him as he passes through London. But, at any rate, I think it best to let you know immediately that she has accepted him,—at last. If there be any pang in this to you, be sure that I will grieve for you. You will not wish me to say that I regret that which was the dearest wish of my heart before I knew you. Lately, indeed, I have been torn in two ways. You will understand what I mean, and I believe I need say nothing more;—except this, that it shall be among my prayers that you may obtain all things that may tend to make you happy, honourable, and of high esteem.

"Your most sincere friend,

"LAURA KENNEDY."

Even though her husband should read the letter, there was nothing in that of which she need be ashamed. But he did not read the letter. He simply speculated as to its contents, and inquired within himself whether it would not be for the welfare of the world in general, and for the welfare of himself in particular, that husbands should demand to read their wives' letters.

And this was Violet's letter to her aunt:—

"MY DEAR AUNT,

"The thing has come at last, and all your troubles will soon be over;—for I do

believe that all your troubles have come from your unfortunate niece. At last I am going to be married, and thus take myself off your hands. Lord Chiltern has just been here, and I have accepted him. I am afraid you hardly think so well of Lord Chiltern as I do; but then, perhaps, you have not known him so long. You do know, however, that there has been some difference between him and his father. I think I may take upon myself to say that now, upon his engagement, this will be settled. I have the inexpressible pleasure of feeling sure that Lord Brentford will welcome me as his daughter-in-law. Tell the news to Augusta with my best love. I will write to her in a day or two. I hope my cousin Gustavus will condescend to give me away. Of course there is nothing fixed about time; but I should say, perhaps, in nine years.

"Your affectionate niece,

"VIOLET EFFINGHAM."

"Loughlinter, Friday."

"What does she mean about nine years?" said Lady Baldock in her wrath.

"She is joking," said the mild Augusta.

"I believe she would—joke, if I were going to be buried," said Lady Baldock.

CHAPTER LIII.

SHOWING HOW PHINEAS BORE THE BLOW.

WHEN Phineas received Lady Laura Kennedy's letter he was sitting in his gorgeous apartment in the Colonial Office. It was gorgeous in comparison with the very dingy room at Mr. Low's to which he had been accustomed in his early days,—and somewhat gorgeous also as compared with the lodgings he had so long inhabited in Mr. Bunce's house. The room was large and square, and looked out from three windows on to St. James's Park. There were in it two very comfortable arm-chairs and a comfortable sofa. And the office table at which he sat was of old mahogany, shining brightly, and seemed to be fitted up with every possible appliance for official comfort. This stood near one of the windows, so that he could sit and look down upon the park. And there was a large round table covered with books and newspapers. And the walls of the room were bright with maps of all the colonies. And there was one very interesting map,—but not very bright,—showing the American colonies, as they used to be. And there was a little inner closet in which he could brush his hair and wash his hands; and in

the room adjoining there sat, — or ought to have sat, for he was often absent, vexing the mind of Phineas, — the Earl's nephew, his private secretary. And it was all very gorgeous. Often as he looked round upon it, thinking of his old bedroom at Killaloe, of his little garrets at Trinity, of the dingy chambers in Lincoln's Inn, he would tell himself that it was very gorgeous. He would wonder that anything so grand had fallen to his lot.

The letter from Scotland was brought to him in the afternoon, having reached London by some day-mail from Glasgow. He was sitting at his desk with a heap of papers before him referring to a contemplated railway from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It had become his business to get up the subject, and then discuss with his principal, Lord Cantrip, the expediency of advising the Government to lend a company five million of money, in order that this railway might be made. It was a big subject, and the contemplation of it gratified him. It required that he should look forward to great events, and exercise the wisdom of a statesman. What was the chance of these colonies being swallowed up by those other regions, — once colonies, — of which the map that hung in the corner told so eloquent a tale? And if so, would the five million ever be repaid? And if not swallowed up, were the colonies worth so great an adventure of national money? Could they repay it? Would they do so? Should they be made to do so? Mr. Low, who was now a Q.C. and in Parliament, would not have greater subjects than this before him, even if he should come to be Solicitor General. Lord Cantrip had specially asked him to get up this matter, — and he was getting it up sedulously. Once in nine years the harbour of Halifax was blocked up by ice. He had just jotted down that fact, which was material, when Lady Laura's letter was brought to him. He read it, and putting it down by his side very gently, went back to his maps as though the thing would not so trouble his mind as to disturb his work. He absolutely wrote, automatically, certain words of a note about the harbour, after he had received the information. A horse will gallop for some scores of yards, after his back has been broken, before he knows of his great ruin; — and so it was with Phineas Finn. His back was broken, but, nevertheless, he galloped, for a yard or two. "Closed in 1860-61 for thirteen days." Then he began to be aware that his back

was broken, and that the writing of any more notes about the ice in Halifax harbour was for the present out of the question. "I think it best to let you know immediately that she has accepted him." Those were the words which he read the oftenest. Then it was all over! The game was played out, and all his victories were as nothing to him. He sat for an hour in his gorgeous room thinking of it, and various were the answers which he gave during the time to various messages; — but he would see nobody. As for the colonies, he did not care if they revolted to-morrow. He would have parted with every colony belonging to Great Britain to have gotten the hand of Violet Effingham for himself. Now, — now at this moment, he told himself with oaths that he had never loved any one but Violet Effingham.

There had been so much to make such a marriage desirable! I should wrong my hero deeply were I to say that the weight of his sorrow was occasioned by the fact that he had lost an heiress. He would never have thought of looking for Violet Effingham had he not first learned to love her. But as the idea opened itself out to him, everything had seemed to be so suitable. Had Miss Effingham become his wife, the mouths of the Lows and of the Bunces would have been stopped altogether. Mr. Monk would have come to his house as his familiar guest, and he would have been connected with half a score of peers. A seat in Parliament would be simply his proper place, and even Under-Secretaryships of State might soon come to be below him. He was playing a great game, but hitherto he had played it with so much success, with such wonderful luck, that it had seemed to him that all things were within his reach. Nothing more had been wanting to him than Violet's hand for his own comfort, and Violet's fortune to support his position; and these, too, had almost seemed to be within his grasp. His goddess had indeed refused him, — but not with disdain. Even Lady Laura had talked of his marriage as not improbable. All the world, almost, had heard of the duel; and all the world had smiled, and seemed to think that in the real fight Phineas Finn would be the victor, — that the lucky pistol was in his hands. It had never occurred to any one to suppose, — as far as he could see, — that he was presuming at all, or pushing himself out of his own sphere, in asking Violet Effingham to be his wife. No; — he would trust his luck, would persevere, and would succeed. Such had been

his resolution on that very morning, — and now there had come this letter to dash him to the ground.

There were moments in which he declared to himself that he would not believe the letter, — not that there was any moment in which there was in his mind the slightest spark of real hope. But he would tell himself that he would still persevere. Violet might have been driven to accept that violent man by violent influence, — or it might be that she had not in truth accepted him, that Chiltern had simply so asserted. Or, even if it were so, did women never change their minds? The manly thing would be to persevere to the end. Had he not before been successful, when success seemed to be as far from him? But he could buoy himself up with no real hope. Even when these ideas were present to his mind, he knew, — he knew well, — at those very moments, that his back was broken.

Some one had come in and lighted the candles and drawn down the blinds while he was sitting there, and now, as he looked at his watch, he found that it was past five o'clock. He was engaged to dine with Madame Max Goesler at eight, and in his agony he half-resolved that he would send an excuse. Madame Max would be full of wrath, as she was very particular about her little dinner-parties; — but what did he care now about the wrath of Madame Max Goesler? And yet only this morning he had been congratulating himself, among his other successes, upon her favour, and had laughed inwardly at his own falseness, — his falseness to Violet Effingham, — as he did so. He had said something to himself jocosely about lovers' perjuries, the remembrance of which was now very bitter to him. He took up a sheet of note-paper and scrawled an excuse to Madame Goesler. News from the country, he said, made it impossible that he should go out to-night. But he did not send the note. At about half-past five he opened the door of his private secretary's room, and found the young man fast asleep, with a cigar in his mouth. "Halloa, Charles," he said.

"All right!" Charles Standish was a first cousin of Lady Laura's, and, having been in the office before Phineas had joined it, and being a great favourite with his cousin, had of course become the Under-Secretary's private secretary. "I'm all here," said Charles Standish, getting up and shaking himself.

"I am going. Just tie up those papers, — exactly as they are. I shall be here

early to-morrow, but I shan't want you before twelve. Good night, Charles."

"Ta, ta," said the private secretary, who was very fond of his master, but not very respectful, — unless upon express occasions.

Then Phineas went out and walked across the park; but as he went he became quite aware that his back was broken. It was not the less broken because he sang to himself little songs to prove to himself that it was whole and sound. It was broken, and it seemed to him now that he never could become an Atlas again, to bear the weight of the world upon his shoulders. What did anything signify? All that he had done had been part of a game which he had been playing throughout, and now he had been beaten in his game. He absolutely ignored his old passion for Lady Laura as though it had never been, and regarded himself as a model of constancy, — as a man who had loved, not wisely perhaps, but much too well, — and who must now therefore suffer a living death. He hated Parliament. He hated the Colonial Office. He hated his friend Mr. Monk; and he especially hated Madame Max Goesler. As to Lord Chiltern, — he believed that Lord Chiltern had obtained his object by violence. He would see to that! Yes; — let the consequences be what they might, he would see to that!

He went up by the Duke of York's column, and as he passed the Athenæum he saw his chief, Lord Cantrip, standing under the portico talking to a bishop. He would have gone on unnoticed, had it been possible; but Lord Cantrip came down to him at once. "I have put your name down here," said his lordship.

"What's the use?" said Phineas, who was profoundly indifferent at this moment to all the clubs in London.

"It can't do any harm, you know. You'll come up in time. And if you should get into the ministry, they'll let you in at once."

"Ministry!" ejaculated Phineas. But Lord Cantrip took the tone of voice as simply suggestive of humility, and suspected nothing of that profound indifference to all ministers and ministerial honours which Phineas had intended to express. "By-the-bye," said Lord Cantrip, putting his arm through that of the Under Secretary, "I wanted to speak to you about the guarantees. We shall be in the devil's own mess, you know —" And so the Secretary of State went on about the Rocky Mountain Railroad, and Phineas strove hard to bear his burden with his broken back. He was obliged to say something about the guarantees, and the railway, and

the frozen harbour, — and something especially about the difficulties which would be found, not in the measures themselves, but in the natural pugnacity of the Opposition. In the fabrication of garments for the national wear, the great thing is to produce garments that shall, as far as possible, defy hole-picking. It may be, and sometimes is, the case, that garments so fabricated will be good also for wear. Lord Cantrip, at the present moment, was very anxious and very ingenious in the stopping of holes; and he thought that perhaps his Under-Secretary was too much prone to the indulgence of large philanthropical views without sufficient thought of the hole-pickers. But on this occasion, by the time that he reached Brookes', he had been enabled to convince his Under-Secretary, and though he had always thought well of his Under-Secretary, he thought better of him now than ever he had done. Phineas during the whole time had been meditating what he could do to Lord Chiltern when they two should meet. Could he take him by the throat and smite him? "I happen to know that Broderick is working as hard at the matter as we are," said Lord Cantrip, stopping opposite to the club. "He moved for papers, you know, at the end of last session." Now, Mr. Broderick was a gentleman in the House looking for promotion in a Conservative Government, and of course would oppose any measure that could be brought forward by the Cantrip-Finn Colonial Administration. Then Lord Cantrip slipped into the club, and Phineas went on alone.

A spark of his old ambition with reference to Brookes' was the first thing to make him forget his misery for a moment. He had asked Lord Brentford to put his name down, and was not sure whether it had been done. The threat of Mr. Broderick's opposition had been of no use towards the strengthening of his broken back, but the sight of Lord Cantrip hurrying in at the coveted door did do something. "A man can't cut his throat or blow his brains out," he said to himself; "after all, he must go on and do his work. For hearts will break, yet brokenly live on." Thereupon he went home, and after sitting for an hour over his own fire, and looking wistfully at a little treasure which he had, — a treasure obtained by some slight fraud at Saulsby, and which he now chucked into the fire, and then instantly again pulled out of it, soiled but unscorched, — he dressed himself for dinner, and went out to Madame Max Goesler's. Upon the whole, he was glad he had not sent the note of excuse. A man must

live, even though his heart be broken, and living he must dine.

Madame Max Goesler was fond of giving little dinners at this period of the year, before London was crowded, and when her guests might probably not be called away by subsequent social arrangements. Her number seldom exceeded six or eight, and she always spoke of these entertainments as being of the humblest kind. She sent out no big cards. She preferred to catch her people as though by chance, when that was possible. "Dear Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith is coming to tell me about some sherry on Tuesday. Will you come and tell me too? I dare say you know as much about it." And then there was a studious absence of parade. The dishes were not very numerous. The bill of fare was simply written out once, for the mistress, and so circulated round the table. Not a word about the things to be eaten or the things to be drunk was ever spoken at the table, — or at least no such word was ever spoken by Madame Goesler. But, nevertheless, they who knew anything about dinners were aware that Madame Goesler gave very good dinners indeed. Phineas Finn was beginning to flatter himself that he knew something about dinners, and had been heard to assert that the soups at the cottage in Park Lane were not to be beaten in London. But he cared for no soup to-day, as he slowly made his way up Madame Goesler's staircase.

There had been one difficulty in the way of Madame Goesler's dinner parties which had required some patience and great ingenuity in its management. She must either have ladies, or she must not have them. There was great allurements in the latter alternative; but she knew well that if she gave way to it, all prospect of general society would for her be closed, — and for ever. This had been in the early days of her widowhood in Park Lane. She cared but little for women's society; but she knew well that the society of gentlemen without women would not be that which she desired. She knew also that she might as effectually crush herself and all her aspirations by bringing to her house indifferent women, — women lacking something either in character, or in position, or in talent, — as by having none at all. Thus there had been a great difficulty, and sometimes she had thought that the thing could not be done at all. "These English are so stiff, so hard, so heavy!" And yet she would not have cared to succeed elsewhere than among the English. By degrees, however, the thing was done. Her prudence equalled her wit, and even suspicious people had

come to acknowledge that they could not put their fingers on anything wrong. When Lady Glencora Palliser had once dined at the cottage in Park Lane, Madame Max Goesler had told herself that henceforth she did not care what the suspicious people said. Since that the Duke of Omnium had almost promised that he would come. If she could only entertain the Duke of Omnium she would have done everything.

But there was no Duke of Omnium there to-night. At this time the Duke of Omnium was, of course, not in London. But Lord Fawn was there; and our old friend Lawrence Fitzgibbon, who had—resigned his place at the Colonial Office; and there were Mr. and Mrs. Bonteen. They, with our hero, made up the party. No one doubted for a moment to what source Mr. Bonteen owed his dinner. Mrs. Bonteen was good-looking, could talk, was sufficiently proper, and all that kind of thing,—and did as well as any other woman at this time of year to keep Madame Max Goesler in countenance. There was never any sitting after dinner at the cottage; or, I should rather say, there was never any sitting after Madame Goesler went; so that the two ladies could not weary each other by being alone together. Mrs. Bonteen understood quite well that she was not required there to talk to her hostess, and was as willing as any woman to make herself agreeable to the gentlemen she might meet at Madame Goesler's table. And thus Mr. and Mrs. Bonteen not unfrequently dined in Park Lane.

"Now we have only to wait for that horrible man, Mr. Fitzgibbon," said Madame Max Goesler, as she welcomed Phineas. "He is always late."

"What a blow for me!" said Phineas.

"No,—you are always in good time. But there is a limit beyond which good time ends, and being shamefully late at once begins. But here he is." And then, as Laurence Fitzgibbon entered the room, Madame Goesler rang the bell for dinner.

Phineas found himself placed between his hostess and Mr. Bonteen, and Lord Fawn was on the other side of Madame Goesler. They were hardly seated at the table before some one stated it as a fact that Lord Brentford and his son were reconciled. Now Phineas knew, or thought that he knew, that this could not as yet be the case; and indeed such was not the case, though the father had already received the son's letter. But Phineas did not choose to say anything at present about Lord Chiltern.

"How odd it is," said Madame Goesler;

"how often you English fathers quarrel with your sons."

"How often we English sons quarrel with our fathers rather," said Lord Fawn, who was known for the respect he had always paid to the fifth commandment.

"It all comes from entail and primogeniture, and old-fashioned English prejudices of that kind," said Madame Goesler. "Lord Chiltern is a friend of yours, Mr. Finn, I think."

"They are both friends of mine," said Phineas.

"Ah, yes; but you,—you,—you and Lord Chiltern once did something odd together. There was a little mystery, was there not?"

"It is very little of a mystery now," said Fitzgibbon.

"It was about a lady;—was it not?" said Mrs. Bonteen, affecting to whisper to her neighbour.

"I am not at liberty to say anything on the subject," said Fitzgibbon; "but I have no doubt Phineas will tell you."

"I don't believe this about Lord Brentford," said Mr. Bonteen. "I happen to know that Chiltern was down at Loughlinter three days ago, and that he passed through London yesterday on his way to the place where he hunts. The Earl is at Saulsby. He would have gone to Saulsby if it were true."

"It all depends upon whether Miss Effingham will accept him," said Mrs. Bonteen, looking over at Phineas as she spoke.

As there were two of Violet Effingham's suitors at table, the subject was becoming disagreeably personal; and the more so, as everyone of the party knew or surmised something of the facts of the case. The cause of the duel at Blankenberg had become almost as public as the duel, and Lord Fawn's courtship had not been altogether hidden from the public eye. He on the present occasion might probably be able to carry himself better than Phineas, even presuming him to be equally eager in his love,—for he knew nothing of the fatal truth. But he was unable to hear Mrs. Bonteen's statement with indifference, and showed his concern in the matter by his reply. "Any lady will be much to be pitied," he said, "who does that. Chiltern is the last man in the world to whom I would wish to trust the happiness of a woman for whom I cared."

"Chiltern is a very good fellow," said Laurence Fitzgibbon.

"Just a little wild," said Mrs. Bonteen.

"And never had a shilling in his pocket in his life," said her husband.

"I regard him as simply a madman," said Lord Fawn.

"I do so wish I knew him," said Madame Max Goesler. "I am fond of madmen, and men who haven't shillings, and who are a little wild. Could you not bring him here, Mr. Finn."

Phineas did not know what to say, or how to open his mouth without showing his deep concern. "I shall be happy to ask him if you wish it," he replied, as though the question had been put to him in earnest; "but I do not see so much of Lord Chiltern as I used to do."

"You do not believe that Violet Effingham will accept him?" asked Mrs. Bonteen.

He paused a moment before he spoke, and then made his answer in a deep solemn voice, — with a seriousness which he was unable to repress. "She has accepted him," he said.

"Do you mean that you know it?" said Madame Goesler.

"Yes; — I mean that I know it."

Had anybody told him beforehand that he would openly make this declaration at Madame Goesler's table, he would have said that of all things it was the most impossible. He would have declared that nothing would have induced him to speak of Violet Effingham in his existing frame of mind, and that he would have had his tongue cut out before he spoke of her as the promised bride of his rival. And now he had declared the whole truth of his own wretchedness and discomfiture. He was well aware that all of them there knew why he had fought the duel at Blankenberg; — all, that is, except perhaps Lord Fawn. And he felt as he made the statement as to Lord Chiltern that he blushed up to his forehead, and that his voice was strange, and that he was telling the tale of his own disgrace. But when the direct question had been asked him he had been unable to refrain from answering it directly. He had thought of turning it off with some jest or affectation of drollery, but had failed. At the moment he had been unable not to speak the truth.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Lord Fawn, — who also forgot himself.

"I do believe it, if Mr. Finn says so," said Mrs. Bonteen, who rather liked the confusion she had caused.

"But who could have told you, Finn?" asked Mr. Bonteen.

"His sister, Lady Laura, told me so," said Phineas.

"Then it must be true," said Madame Goesler.

"It is quite impossible," said Lord Fawn. "I think I may say that I know that it is impossible. If it were so, it would be a most shameful arrangement. Every shilling she has in the world would be swallowed up." Now, Lord Fawn in making his proposals had been magnanimous in his offers as to settlements and pecuniary provisions generally.

For some minutes after that Phineas did not speak another word, and the conversation generally was not so brisk and bright as it was expected to be at Madame Max Goesler's. Madame Max Goesler herself thoroughly understood our hero's position, and felt for him. She would have encouraged no questionings about Violet Effingham had she thought that they would have led to such a result, and now she exerted herself to turn the minds of her guests to other subjects. At last she succeeded; and after a while, too, Phineas himself was able to talk. He drank two or three glasses of wine, and dashed away into politics, taking the earliest opportunity in his power of contradicting Lord Fawn very plainly on one or two matters. Laurence Fitzgibbon was of course of opinion that the ministry could not stay in long. Since he had left the Government the ministers had made wonderful mistakes, and he spoke of them quite as an enemy might speak. "And yet, Fitz," said Mr. Bonteen, "you used to be so staunch a supporter."

"I have seen the error of my way, I can assure you," said Laurence.

"I always observe," said Madame Max Goesler, "that when any of you gentlemen resign, which you usually do on some very trivial matter, the resigning gentleman becomes of all foes the bitterest. Somebody goes on very well with his friends, agreeing most cordially about everything, till he finds that his public virtue cannot swallow some little detail, and then he resigns. Or some one, perhaps, on the other side, has attacked him, and in the *mêlée* he is hurt, and so he resigns. But when he has resigned, and made his parting speech full of love and gratitude, I know well after that where to look for the bitterest hostility to his late friends. Yes, I am beginning to understand the way in which politics are done in England."

All this was rather severe upon Laurence Fitzgibbon; but he was a man of the world, and bore it better than Phineas had borne his defeat.

The dinner, taken altogether, was not a success, and so Madame Goesler understood. Lord Fawn, after he had been contradicted by Phineas, hardly opened his

mouth. Phineas himself talked rather too much and rather too loudly; and Mrs. Bonteen, who was well enough inclined to flatter Lord Fawn, contradicted him. "I made a mistake," said Madame Goesler afterwards, "in having four members of Parliament who all of them were or had been in office. I never will have two men in office together again." This she said to Mrs. Bonteen. "My dear Madame Max," said Mrs. Bonteen, "your resolution ought to be that you will never again have two claimants for the same young lady."

In the drawing-room upstairs Madame Goesler managed to be alone for three minutes with Phineas Finn. "And it is as as you say, my friend?" she asked. Her voice was plaintive and soft, and there was a look of real sympathy in her eyes. Phineas almost felt that if they two had been quite alone he could have told her everything, and have wept at her feet.

"Yes," he said, "it is so."

"I never doubted it when you had declared it. May I venture to say that I wish it had been otherwise?"

"It is too late now, Madame Goesler. A man of course is a fool to show that he has any feelings in such a matter. The fact is, I heard it just before I came here, and had made up my mind to send you an excuse. I wish I had now."

"Do not say that, Mr. Finn."

"I have made such an ass of myself."

"In my estimation you have done yourself honour. But if I may venture to give you counsel, do not speak of this affair again as though you had been personally concerned in it. In the world now-a-days the only thing disgraceful is to admit a failure."

"And I have failed."

"But you need not admit it, Mr. Finn. I know I ought not to say as much to you."

"I, rather, am deeply indebted to you. I will go now, Madame Goesler, as I do not wish to leave the house with Lord Fawn."

"But you will come and see me soon." Then Phineas promised that he would come soon; and felt as he made the promise that

he would have an opportunity of talking over his love with his new friend at any rate without fresh shame as to his failure.

Laurence Fitzgibbon went away with Phineas, and Mr. Bonteen, having sent his wife home by herself, walked off towards the clubs with Lord Fawn. He was very anxious to have a few words with Lord Fawn. Lord Fawn had evidently been annoyed by Phineas, and Mr. Bonteen did not at all love the young Under-Secretary. "That fellow has become the most consummate puppy I ever met," said he, as he linked himself on to the lord. "Monk, and one or two others among them, have contrived to spoil him altogether."

"I don't believe a word of what he said about Lord Chiltern," said Lord Fawn.

"About his marriage with Miss Edingham?"

"It would be such an abominable shame to sacrifice the girl," said Lord Fawn. "Only think of it. Everything is gone. The man is a drunkard, and I don't believe he is any more reconciled to his father than you are. Lady Laura Kennedy must have had some object in saying so."

"Perhaps an invention of Finn's altogether," said Mr. Bonteen. "Those Irish fellows are just the men for that kind of thing."

"A man, you know, so violent that nobody can hold him," said Lord Fawn, thinking of Chiltern.

"And so absurdly conceited," said Mr. Bonteen, thinking of Phineas.

"A man who has never done anything, with all his advantages in the world,—and never will."

"He won't hold his place long," said Mr. Bonteen.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Phineas Finn."

"Oh, Mr. Finn. I was talking of Lord Chiltern. I believe Finn to be a very good sort of fellow, and he is undoubtedly clever. They say Cantrip likes him amazingly. He'll do very well. But I don't believe a word of this about Lord Chiltern." Then Mr. Bonteen felt himself to be snubbed, and soon afterwards left Lord Fawn alone.

BOOK II. — CHAPTER I.

A MORNING IN EDEN.

THE boats sail up and down the river, the railway trains move on this side and on that, and persons from all countries, and in every relation of life, get refreshment from the view.

There thou wouldst like to dwell, many a one thinks, and to pass away thy days in the regular and constant enjoyment of nature, and in voluntary labor, solitary, or in the society of congenial persons.

The banks of the Rhine have the appearance of being charming seats of repose, while they also furnish enough of stirring life. The high-road of intercourse with the world lies before the very threshold of the house; and from the midst of solitude, every hour can unite itself with the great world's varied and bustling activity.

Cheerful towns and villages along the banks, with their castles and vineyards, their beautiful and well-kept country-seats, are everywhere seen, forming an almost unbroken chain.

From town to town, and from house to house, stories are narrated of the narrow escapes of the inhabitants, who saved themselves with resolute strength from the engulfing flood, or with the last energy of despair reached the shore, many being dashed with violence upon the bank.

He who comes an entire stranger from abroad, and makes his home here, can feel assured that it is at his option to cultivate an acquaintance with the old residents, or to remain by himself. The continual current of strangers, coming and going, allows him who remains to abide in complete isolation.

Whose is that beautiful country-house yonder, which looks to the passer-by, with its tower gleaming from a distance, like a white swan nestling in the green bank? Travellers on the boats passing up and down the river often ask this question, and receive the reply, that the villa is called Eden, and that it is a real Eden, as far as one can judge from the outside, for it is all shut up and guarded, with spring-guns and steel traps the whole length of the garden walls. The servants have permission to show the house and park only when the owner is away on a journey, and then they take in a great deal of money.

One praises the wonderful stables with marble mangers; another, the hot-houses all in bloom; a third, the beautiful arrangement of the interior of the house; a fourth, the fruit-garden and the park, each one ac-

ording to his own peculiar taste. The owner is a rich American, who has built this house, laid out the shady park, and changed the half-swampy, ragged, and uneven meadow, extending down to the river, into a fruit-garden that bears fruits of a size and beauty never before seen in this region. He was rebuilding, too, the ruined castle there on the height.

And what is the name of this man?

Sonnenkamp. Almost all his servants are foreigners; he visits only a few persons in the vicinity, and seldom receives any one as a guest; no one knows, indeed, who he is, or what he is. He has the finest horses, but he, his wife, and a female companion drive and ride out together, only at some convenient point to turn back again on the public highway.

On the morning that Eric rode to the villa, a large, thick carpet was laid by servants in morning livery on the west side upon the extensive gravelled square. A round table with green damask covering was placed near a many-colored pyramid of fragrant flowers, and on the table was afterwards set a large, ground crystal vase, with artistically arranged flowers and bouquets, and plates for four persons.

A side-table was placed near a blossoming cope of laburnums and variegated lilacs, and on it a large silver tea-urn with lighted lamp. A thin vapor soon went up from the urn. Two great rocking-chairs were put in suitable places near by.

A young man who stood aside, taking no part in the arrangement, looked out upon the landscape, where one could enjoy a view extending over the fruit-garden and the fountain, in whose basin two pairs of swans were swimming, over the meadows; and now he turned away from the prospect, inspected the preparations, and with the words, "All right," withdrew with the servants. The tea-urn steamed, and the chairs and table seemed to be awaiting the company.

A pert finch alighted upon the back of one of the rocking-chairs, and whistled to his little mate in the trees: "that was a fine set-out, and he would like, if he could, to do the same for his little ones."

The forward; impudent young father was, however, soon scared away, for at the sound of approaching footsteps he started, and carelessly flew directly over the hissing urn, whose vapor seemed to scald him, and to change his course, so that he almost grazed the hat on the head of the man who now came in.

The man limped a little with his right leg,

but he knew how to disguise it so that this limping toned down the formidable impression of his powerful, athletic frame.

He was a large, broad-shouldered man, in a well-fitted summer suit, and a white neck-cloth with a standing shirt-collar after the English fashion. The man of Herculean frame seemed to do all he could to reduce, lessen, and soften the effect of it; but the finest garments could do this only in a small degree. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, so that at a short distance but little could be seen of his shaded face. The young man who had superintended the arrangements a short time before, bearing a large portfolio, followed the strong man. The man in the straw hat had sat down in the rocking-chair, which, together with the portfolio, was made ready for him.

Removing the straw hat, which the valet Joseph at once took, he stroked his smoothly-shaven, prominent chin with his large, fleshy hand, on whose thumb, strange to say, was a ring like a single link of a chain, a golden hoop with iron in the middle.

The man is Herr Sonnenkamp. His reddish face had deeply marked lines, and over his broad brow a lock of gray hair was combed down. There was a more than ordinary breadth between the bristling eyebrows, giving to them the appearance of having been forcibly rent asunder. Whoever saw this countenance once could never forget it.

The deeply-set, light-blue eyes had an expression of determination and shrewdness; the shoulders were broad and somewhat round; the nose was large, but not without a character of nobleness; the mouth was somewhat curved with imperious disdain. The whole countenance was worn and anxious, but a domineering energy was visible in all its traits.

The impression at the first was, that one would not like to have this man for an enemy. "Hand here," he now said, taking out of his vest-pocket a ring on which were suspended some very small keys.

Joseph held the portfolio in the most convenient position for Sonnenkamp to unlock, and then took out the letters it contained. Sonnenkamp speedily arranged them, placing together those with a foreign stamp, and by the side of them a large pile having an inland postage mark. Joseph now laid down the hat and the portfolio upon the empty rocking-chair, and with his ready scissors cut every envelope.

Herr Sonnenkamp quickly ran over the opened letters, and put them aside. He only looked at the seal and address of some of the inland ones, and directed that they

should be placed again in the portfolio; he put two of the foreign in his pocket, and, placing the rest back with his own hand, locked the portfolio.

The folding-doors of the terrace were opened, and Herr Sonnenkamp rose, taking from the chair his broad straw hat. Two female forms appeared on the terrace. One, tall, with a long, pale, sad face, wore a morning cap with deep-red ribbons, and a flaming red shawl; the other was a small, pretty figure, with sharp, bloodless features, piercing brown eyes, and coal-black hair lying flat upon the head; she was one of those countenances that have plainly never been youthful, and to which advancing age can do no harm. Her dress was of black silk, and she had suspended from her neck a mother-of-pearl cross that glistened and shone upon her breast.

Herr Sonnenkamp had that American trait, including in itself so much that is good, of respectful courteousness and considerate care toward his own household and relatives; he went to meet the two ladies at the steps, nodded pleasantly to the lady in black, and extending his hand to the lady in the red shawl, asked in a kindly tone after her health, using the English language.

The lady, Frau Ceres, did not deem it necessary to make any reply. She went to her seat at the breakfast table, and a female attendant immediately placed a shawl over her lap, and a waiter pushed under her feet a cushioned footstool.

The lady in black, Signora Boromea Perini, went to the side-table, and took with a spoon from the tea-canister, which a servant held, the requisite measure of tea.

"Where is Roland?" inquired Frau Ceres, in a listless tone.

"He will soon be here," answered Sonnenkamp, and made a sign to have him sent for. Fräulein Perini brought the first cup to Frau Sonnenkamp, to whom it appeared too great an exertion to pour in a couple of drops of milk. In a very subdued tone, Herr Sonnenkamp asked, "Will you eat anything, dear child?"

Frau Ceres sipped a spoonful, then half a one, and looked about as if spent with the effort. It seemed to be a burden to her to be obliged to sip the tea herself.

"Where is Roland?" she inquired again. "It is inexcusable that he is so irregular. Did you not say something, Madame Perini?"

"Nothing, my gracious lady."

Herr Sonnenkamp remarked in a very mild, pacifying tone, if she would endure it patiently a little longer, Roland would re-

ceive, it was to be hoped, a tutor at last who would bring him under the proper discipline. He then spoke of the letter which Otto von Franken had written to him. At the mention of this name, Fräulein Perini let a biscuit fall into her cup, and busied herself in fishing it out again, while Sonnenkamp added that he should read no more applications, until he had become acquainted with the person recommended by Herr von Franken.

"Is the man one of the nobility?" asked Frau Ceres.

"I do not know," replied Sonnenkamp, though he did know very well; "he is a captain."

Frau Ceres, without saying anything, determined within herself to wait until this question of nobility was settled.

Fräulein Perini, feeling that she must speak for Frau Ceres as if knowing what she thought, looked at her smilingly and observed, "One seldom meets with so perfect a chevalier as the Baron von Franken, at least not in Germany; even more than the countess Bella he has —"

"I pray you," Herr Sonnenkamp here interposed, and his countenance had the expression of a bull-dog trying to be tender, "I pray you not to praise others at the expense of the countess; the ladies are bewitched with Herr von Franken, and for my part, I am with the countess Bella."

Frau Ceres gave an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, and held the gold spoon pressed to her lips. He boasts of being fascinated, she rightly thought, and it is only for the sake of making a complimentary speech.

"But where can Roland be?" she suddenly exclaimed, and pushed against the footstool so that the table shook and everything upon it rattled.

The servant, entering, said that Roland would not come to breakfast, as he did not wish to eat anything to-day, but to remain with Nora, who had five puppies.

"Then tell him," rejoined Sonnenkamp, and his countenance flushed a dark red even to the roots of his thin hair, — "then tell him that if he does not instantly come, I will have all the five young ones immediately drowned in the Rhine."

The servant hastened out, and a beautiful youth, clothed in blue velvet, soon made his appearance; he was pale, and his finely-cut lip quivered. He had evidently gone through a hard struggle.

The boy was tall and slender, and his features were strikingly beautiful, delicately regular as if chiselled. He took off his

jockey-cap, and showed his dark brown hair, well arranged in thick curls about his forehead.

"Come to me," said his mother, "and kiss me, Roland, you look so pale; is anything the matter with you?"

The boy kissed his mother, and shaking his head as if denying that anything ailed him, said in a voice hovering between a falsetto and a bass, "I am as well as my young dogs."

A deep color dyed his cheeks, and his lips became purple.

"I do not wish to punish you on the day that you receive your tutor," said Sonnenkamp, casting a glance toward his wife.

"I? a tutor again? no tutor for me," replied the boy; "and if you give me one, I will soon make him take his leave."

Sonnenkamp smiled. This bold, defiant attitude of the boy seemed specially to delight him. When Roland, who had just declined all food, ate now heartily, his mother followed his example; in the satisfaction of knowing that her son had so good an appetite, she also found one, so that Fräulein Perini could not refrain from remarking to Roland, —

"See, Master Roland, how on your dear mother's account you should come regularly at meal-time, for she can only taste food when you also partake of it."

The boy gave Fräulein Perini a peculiar look, but made no reply; there seemed to be no good understanding between the boy and the companion of his mother. Fräulein Perini, however, showed her friendliness toward the boy, promising to pay a visit with him to the young dogs after breakfast.

"Do you know why dogs are born blind?" asked Roland.

"Because God has so ordained it."

"But why has God ordained it?"

Fräulein Perini looked puzzled at this question, and Herr Sonnenkamp came to her help, saying that he who was continually asking the reason why would never accomplish anything, and that Roland had fallen into this way of constant questioning, because he was not willing to learn anything thoroughly.

The boy looked down. A certain sullenness or dulness, perhaps both, appeared in the expression of his face.

Frau Ceres left the breakfast table, seated herself in a rocking-chair, and contemplated her long, delicate, almond-shaped nails.

Herr Sonnenkamp told her what a number of letters in German, French, and English he had received in answer to his ad-

vertisement; the candidates had generally enclosed their photographs, and rightly, for personal appearance was significant.

Frau Ceres listened like one who is sleepy, sometimes closing her eyes. When Sonnenkamp remarked how much misery there was in the world, a constant looking for a perfect success, to which every man believes that money is the one thing needful, she threw upon him a sidelong glance of surprise, apparently not comprehending how any one could live, and be destitute of means.

Fraulein Perini, the companion, was a useful mediator; she knew how, while Frau Ceres remained apparently or really quite inattentive, to keep up the conversation with short questions, or remarks, as she occasionally looked up from her embroidery and cast a glance, the real convent glance, shy but benignant, upon Herr Sonnenkamp. In this way Frau Ceres could listen, without exerting herself to join in the conversation.

Fraulein Perini seemed to serve Herr Sonnenkamp as a person upon whom he could practice politeness; and they stood in the most courteous relation to each other. He would in fact, have been glad to dismiss her long before, but she was fastened upon him like the rheumatism-ring, which he wore on his left thumb.

Frau Ceres was always carefully waited upon by Fraulein Perini; never alone, she had a constant companion and attendant, and when they drove out, Herr Sonnenkamp always left the seat next his wife to Fraulein Perini, riding backwards himself. He could not be rid of her, and it was best to treat her with polite consideration. Besides, she had many excellent qualities, and best of all, no whims; she was always even-tempered, never put herself forward, and always had an opinion, which generally was one that caused no discussion. She never appeared offended; if she was overlooked, she seemed not to notice it; or if drawn into conversation, she was agreeable, and even witty; she was always ready to help, to do for and to meet others, and never talked of herself.

Every morning, summer and winter, she went to church, and was always in order, as if ready for a journey at an hour's notice; she knew where everything was in the house, and was never in the way in travelling. She was always busy with embroidery, and there was no church for miles around which had not an altar-cloth, or some part of the decoration, of her work.

She spoke all the continental languages with ease, except German, which she said

she never could learn. Sonnenkamp was convinced, however, that she understood it perfectly, and that her want of comprehension was only a mask whose object it was easy to see.

Her relations with Roland were peculiarly distant. She treated him as the young master of the house, but concerned herself no further about him, even declining his father's proposal that she should instruct him in the languages. She never stepped out of the circle that appeared marked out for her; after being Manna's governess, she became wholly and exclusively the companion of Frau Ceres; and this was a most safe and honorable position.

The more Herr Sonnenkamp spoke of the recommendation of Herr von Franken, so much the more attentive Fraulein Perini seemed to become, but she did not utter a single word; but when Herr Sonnenkamp asked her what had been her feelings when she was first introduced to the family at Nice, she answered, "I had the happiness to be introduced to you by my noble guardian, the Dean."

Roland was impatient and beckoned to Fraulein Perini to go with him; but Sonnenkamp requested her to remain with the mother, and in order to manifest some sympathy in his son's joy, he himself accompanied him.

Roland was the only one whom the dog allowed to come near her; and when Herr Sonnenkamp ventured it, she growled, and snapped at him with her teeth. He was very angry, but he restrained himself and went away.

Roland brought his cross-bow and shot at the doves and sparrows in the courtyard. Suddenly the boy left off. A horseman, with horse well in hand, galloped up to the gate.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARROW CAUGHT.

"SHOOT away, my boy, I'll catch the arrow!" the rider called from his horse, and the boy stood still, as if he had seen a miracle. Eric had heard much of Roland's beauty, but he was astonished at the charming grace of his figure. The boy's whole being seemed strained with amazement and excitement, like the bow which he held bent in his hand. The rider feasted his eyes on the picture. Roland's head was bare, his jockey-cap lay near him on a great dog resting at his feet, and just raising his head as if to ask whether he should start up and drive the stranger away.

"Shoot away! Fire!" cried the rider, in a commanding tone. "Have you no courage?"

The arrow whizzed from the bow, the rider bent sideways and caught it with a sure hand.

"Either you are a bad marksman, or you tried not to hit me!" he exclaimed.

Astounded and motionless, with his bow lowered, the boy gazed at him while he was approaching and dismounting, and then asked,—

"Can you be the hero Siegfried?"

"Ah! then you know about him," replied Eric, gaily. "No, my young friend." He offered his hand to Roland, who seized it.

"Hero Siegfried wore no uniform with a red collar. But now help me to dispose of my horse."

"It is like one of Count Wolfsgarten's horses."

"It is his."

"Ivan!" shouted the boy.

A groom appeared and led the horse to the stable. As Eric and Roland followed, they heard from behind a partition near by a whining, and a weak attempt at barking.

"You have some young St. Bernard dogs close by," said Eric.

"Yes; do you know them by their whimper?"

"I can't tell the particular breed in that way. I saw a St. Bernard dog out there in the court; but I know by the sound that these puppies are blind and not a week old."

The boy looked at Eric as if he were a magician; he opened a door, but begged him to go no nearer, because the mother was very savage, and was just then suckling all the five young ones. Eric did approach her, however, and she looked at him without growling, and again the boy gazed at the stranger in astonishment.

"You can certainly tell me why dogs are born blind," he began.

Eric smiled. A boy who asks questions is desirous of instruction and ready for it; it is only necessary to put things before him which will lead him to question.

"Not only dogs," replied Eric, "but cats, eagles, and hawks come into the world blind. It may be that those animals which need sharp eyes for their support and protection have a gradual development of the power of sight, so that they do not see the light, as the saying is, all at once. Man even, though he opens his eyes at his birth, has no real power of sight at first; he has to learn to see during his first year. Man, like the brute, learns to use his limbs in his

earliest years, but one thing the brute wants, he can never acquire articulate speech."

A thrill passed over the boy as he listened to the stranger, whose words again had a tone of strangely magnetic power. In the excited state in which Eric had been for two days, and which reached its height at this moment, it seemed to him as if he were acting out a fairy tale, or one of those dreams in which one says to himself, in the wonder of the dream-life, "Wake up, you are certainly dreaming!" There was something which gave him a sense of being merely a spectator of his own life, though he knew that he was actually living it. He compelled himself to collect his thoughts, and said at last,—

"You are the son of Herr Sonnenkamp, are you not? and your name is Roland?"

"Roland Franklin Sonnenkamp; what is yours?"

"Eric Dournay."

The boy started; he thought he had heard the name within a few days, but was not quite sure.

"You are a Captain of Artillery, sir?" said he, pointing to the uniform.

"I have been. Then you know the different uniforms, my boy."

"Yes; but Herr von Franken doesn't speak to me so familiarly."

"I think we had better both keep up the familiar manner that we began with," answered Eric, holding out his hand to the boy. Roland's hand was cold, all his blood had rushed to his head. The boy was surprised and taken captive in spite of himself.

"If you like," he began again, "you can have one of my puppies. Two I mean to keep; one I shall bring up for my sister Manna; Baron von Franken is to have the fourth, and you may have the fifth."

His face beaming with satisfaction, Eric looked at the boy; this pleasure in giving showed that there was something good to build upon.

"Perhaps you know that in Homer the host does honor to a guest by bestowing some gift as a token of remembrance."

"I know nothing about Homer."

"Have none of your tutors told you anything of him?"

"All of them. They made a great talk about him, but it's stupid."

Eric led the conversation back, and asked, "Who helps you train the dogs?"

"One who knows all about it, the huntsman Klaus, whom they call the dog-keeper; he will be pleased when I tell him that you knew how old the puppies were by their whimper."

Eric nodded. A boy like this might easily be guided to knowledge, if one could once get the lead.

Eric now asked Roland to conduct him to his father. As they were about to leave the stable, a snow-white pony with long mane turned his head quite round and neighed.

"That is my Puck," said Roland. He was evidently very happy in showing the stranger all his treasures, almost like a little child who displays a toy for the wonder of his playmate. Eric could not but praise the beautiful creature, which looked at him with great, wild, shy eyes.

He took the boy's hand, and they went together through the large botanical garden.

"Do you know about plants too?" asked Roland.

"No, I'm quite ignorant about them."

"So am I," said the boy, delighted; Eric's acknowledgment of an ignorance which coincided with his own seemed to bring them nearer to each other.

They passed over a plat where men were weeding and putting the ground in order. A little old man, with a shy but shrewd look, was at work; he took off his cap, and said good-morning. "Have you seen my father?" asked Roland. "He is over there," replied the little man, pointing toward the green-houses.

The long green-houses, constructed of pale-blue glass, came in sight. A door stood open, within which a fountain was to be seen, in whose gray marble basin lay blocks of stone with water plants growing in all their crevices. Some of the trees which needed protection from the winter were still here, and a few which did not thrive had thick wrappings on trunk and branches.

They heard a voice. "There he is in the cold-house," said Roland. Eric told him to turn back now, as he had something to say to his father alone.

The boy stood as if rooted to the spot. In Eric's manner of ordering him to go, there was an air of such irresistible authority that he did not know what to make of it.

As Eric went forward, he stood motionless, then turned, snapped his fingers, and whistled to himself.

Drawing a long breath, Eric stopped a moment to collect himself. What if this boy were related to him by blood, and he were to find here his missing uncle? Walking slowly and composedly, he entered the open door of the green-house.

CHAPTER III.

THE FLAG IS HOISTED.

"Who's there? what do you want?" was asked by a form as it raised itself up from a bed of black earth. A coarse, gray, sacklike linen garment covered the form from head to foot; it was like that worn by convicts, or rather, by the insane.

"What do you want? who are you? whom do you wish to see?" the man again asked.

"I wish to see Herr Sonnenkamp."

"What do you want of him?"

"I would like to introduce myself to him."

"I am he. Who are you?"

"My name is Eric Dournay. Herr von Franken had the kindness, day before yesterday, to —"

"Ah! are you the man?" Sonnenkamp replied, drawing a long breath. With trembling hands he unfastened the linen sack which he wore over his coat, saying, with a forced smile, "You have surprised me in my working-garb."

Rolling the sack together, and tossing it away, he said, "Was no servant at hand? Do you always wear a uniform?"

It was the uniform then that gave him such a start, thought Eric. And, on looking at the man, he was sure that he could not be his uncle. The likeness of his missing uncle, which still hung in his father's study, was present to his mind; it represented him as a slim, delicate form, with a very prominent aquiline nose, and no trace of resemblance to this athletic personage before his eyes.

"I am very sorry for having disturbed you," Eric resumed, convinced that the first impression had been an unfavorable one. "I beg you indeed to excuse me," he stammered out; "the Count von Wolfsgarten, whose guest I have been, and from whom I bring to you a letter of recommendation, has —"

"A letter from Count Wolfsgarten? Very welcome. I am very glad to see you," replied Sonnenkamp, taking the letter.

"We have met very unexpectedly — there was no reason for suspecting — prejudice as men — I mean — constraint —"

Sonnenkamp's tone had wholly changed; it had become gentle, kind, almost tenderly beseeching.

He hastily ran his eye over the lines written by Clodwig, and then said in a low tone, —

"I am very glad, — very welcome."

Looking up from the letter, he made a sort of bow to Eric, and, as if sure of acquiescence, remarked, "a nobleman — just what a nobleman ought to be — is the Count Wolfsgarten. Do you stand as high in favor with the Countess Bella?"

There was a touch of sarcasm in the tone of this last question.

Eric answered with an unmoved tone and look, "I am happy to enjoy equally the favor of husband and wife."

"Fine, very fine," Sonnenkamp resumed. "But let us go out into the open air. Are you a botanist too?"

Eric regretted that he had always neglected to extend his knowledge in this direction.

Out in the open air, Sonnenkamp again surveyed the new-comer from head to foot. Eric now for the first time noticed, that wholly forgetting his military attire, he had taken off his cap. And when he perceived the look with which he was surveyed, he realised what was the meaning of private service, to give up one's self with his whole personal being to the dominion of an individual.

In Sonnenkamp's survey there was something which made Eric feel as if he were in a slave-market; and when Sonnenkamp stretched out his hand with a peculiar gesture, it seemed as if he were about to take hold of his chin, open his lips, and examine whether his teeth were all sound.

Eric shook his head at this strange fancy, and proudly stood erect, feeling that he must maintain his own ground steadily in the presence of this man.

Sonnenkamp immediately gave orders to a servant near by to get breakfast ready at the fountain.

"Did you come on horseback?" he asked.

"Count Wolfsgarten was kind enough to furnish me with a horse."

"You have already spoken with my son?"

"Yes."

"I am glad that you came in uniform," Sonnenkamp said, making no further inquiries of Eric what he thought of the boy.

As if Eric were only a distinguished, well-recommended visitor, Sonnenkamp now exhibited to him the object of his greatest pride. This was a perfect collection of heaths, such as is rarely to be found. He discoursed upon the nice distinctions in the different varieties, and added: "I have been where the greater part of these heaths originated, the table-land of the Cape of Good Hope."

"I am sorry," said Eric, "that my mother is not here, for she would take great delight in this magnificent display."

"Is your mother a botanist?"

"Our botanical professor used to boast of her proficiency; but she takes great pains to avoid every appearance of being a blue-stocking. It must be very difficult to keep together these productions of different climates."

"Very difficult indeed. These Ericas require, at the same time, a regular temperature and a uniform moisture. You may often have noticed how some little heath-plant with its delicate blooms, which is sent to a lady for a flower-stand, becomes dry and brittle after a few days. This little plant will not endure the dry atmosphere of a room."

Sonnenkamp suddenly stopped, and smiled to himself. This stranger professed only an ordinary degree of knowledge in order to be agreeable, and to let the rich proprietor branch out and be eloquent about his darling hobby. I can't be taken by such coarse bait, thought Sonnenkamp. "Will you be so good as to put this tub from the stand upon the ground?" he said, pointing to a very large Erica.

A momentary glance made Sonnenkamp aware that Eric understood well enough that the motive was to find out whether he knew how to make himself serviceable, and how to keep a humble position.

Eric complied very readily with the request, but Sonnenkamp had immediately made up his mind, in spite of Clodwig's warm recommendation, not to receive this man into his house.

He had two reasons. The stranger had seen him, as no other person could ever boast, utterly thrown off his balance, and must therefore be removed from his sight; now it appeared that he must maintain a respectful demeanor, which was rather irksome.

He would, in the meanwhile, show to one so well-recommended every respectful attention. He took pleasure in thinking how he would test the man in all points, allow him to unfold himself in the consciousness of a certainty of being employed, and then dismiss him without assigning any reason for doing so.

All this passed through Sonnenkamp's thoughts while he was turning round to lock the green-house door. The thing was as surely and as firmly fixed in his mind as the door was surely and firmly locked.

"Do you speak English?" he asked, seeing his wife still sitting in the rocking-chair;

she had taken off the red shawl, and as she sat there, her satin dress had a rich golden lustre.

"Captain, Doctor, I beg your pardon, what name?" said Sonnenkamp, in introducing him.

"Dournay."

Frau Ceres gave a hardly perceptible nod, and as if there were no one else present, said in a peevish tone to her husband, that he paid no attention to her, and had not said a single word to her about her new dress. Sonnenkamp stood wholly at a loss to know what was the meaning of this unexpected sally of his wife. Did she think it was a mark of high-breeding to show the stranger such a degree of indifference? She was not diplomatic enough for that. He turned, and as if apologising, remarked to Eric that his wife loved gay colors.

In a tone of strict truth, Eric replied that he entirely coincided with the gracious lady; that gay colors were in keeping with external nature; and that people ought to be sunny and bright like the flowers.

Frau Ceres smiled at this friendly turn, and Eric continued in the same strain, that it was a lamentable effect of the style of conversation employed in society, that the expression even of a truth should be regarded as mere civility and flattery, whenever it struck pleasantly upon the ear; that words were deprived of their real meaning, and people accustomed themselves to advance ideas which neither the speaker nor the hearer actually believed; that our manner of talking in society was like a card of invitation to an evening party, in which eight o'clock was specified as the hour,

when half past nine was meant; and he who went at eight only brought the hosts into a dilemma.

Frau Ceres looked from Eric to her husband, and from her husband to Eric, and as no one said anything, Eric continued, briefly pointing out how colors in dress harmonised with the natural environment. But he soon perceived that he was going too far in this exposition, and he added that the attire of ladies approached nearer to the ethereal bright plumage of the birds.

His mother now beckoned to Roland, who appeared in the distance. He pointed to the summit of the tower. The mother looked up and smiled; and the father also smiled when he saw the flag of the American Union floating from its top.

"Who did that?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"I," Roland answered, with a joyous smile.

"What is it for?"

The boy's visage changed, and he cast a side-glance toward Eric.

Sonnenkamp screwed his under lip between his thumb and fore-finger into a half-circle, and nodded silently.

Eric had noticed the boy's glance, and his heart beat for joy. He asked the boy,

"Are you very proud of being an American?"

"Yes."

Eric was introduced to Fräulein Perini as she came up to them; grasping the mother-of-pearl cross with her left hand, she made a very ceremonious courtesy. Frau Ceres requested her to go with her to the house. Sonnenkamp, Eric, and Roland remained by themselves.

THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.—The case of *Low v. Ward*, reported at length in the *Law Journal Reports*, "Chancery," p. 841, affirms, under somewhat singular circumstances, that copyright may exist in some chapters of a book, while others are unprivileged. The circumstances are shortly these. While Professor Holmes, of Boston, was bringing out his story of "The Guardian Angel," in a serial form, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, plaintiffs (the well-known publishers of Ludgatehill) entered into an agreement with him that he should acquire a British Copyright in the story, and sell it to the plaintiffs. Professor Holmes accordingly, in October, 1867, went to Montreal, the tale not then having been completed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, while there, the entire work was published by the plaintiffs. At that time the last six chapters had not appeared in America. The defendants (who are publishers in Paternoster-row) afterwards brought out a cheap edition, and the suit was in-

stituted for an injunction. The plaintiffs relied on the well known case of *Low v. Routledge*, which establishes that an alien who, during a residence in a British colony, publishes a work in England, acquires a copyright therein. It was rather ingeniously argued for the defendants that it was an essential condition of copyright that the entire work should first appear in the United Kingdom; that the benefit of such first publication was, in fact, the consideration in respect of which the privilege of copyright was granted; and that copyright could not exist in a part of a work only. The Judge, Vice-Chancellor Giffard, "had not the slightest doubt about the case." He decided that where the parts of a work can be separated, there may be a copyright in any distinct part of it; and he granted the injunction restraining the defendants from printing or selling copies containing the last six chapters of the work.

Public Opinion.

From The Spectator.

MAXIMILIAN.*

WE have seldom read fresher, sunnier, more cheerful descriptions of travel than are found in these volumes. The greater portion of the work was written when the author was a very young man, and the warm, healthy tone, the keen sense of enjoyment which he has infused into his pictures render the book very pleasant reading. Regarded simply as a contribution to the literature of foreign travel, these volumes do not indeed add much that is new to our previous stock of knowledge. Even in this respect, however, they are far from being valueless; for their author, whose rank as an Austrian Archduke opened to him scenes and society which are closed to ordinary travellers, was not one who neglected his rare opportunities. These reminiscences show him to have possessed very considerable talent as an observer, and to have taken an intelligent interest in a wide reach of subjects. They exhibit him to us as a well educated and accomplished man, with what he himself, in describing a fellow-countryman, calls "the kindness and joyous temperament of an honest German." If in intellectual depth and grasp he was not equal to the late Prince Consort, he nevertheless constantly reminds us of that prince, particularly in the æsthetic side of his character. He composed music. In recording his impressions of the picture galleries, the statues, the architecture of Italy, Greece, and other countries, he speaks like a connoisseur. He had the keenest perception of the beauties of nature, of which some of his descriptions in these volumes are in no small degree poetical.

It is not, however, as a record of voyages and travels that the work acquires its chief importance. It is rather for the light it reflects on the character of its ill-fated author that the book principally commands our attention; and in this respect, the interest of these volumes is truly tragic. The real character of Maximilian has never yet, so far at least as English writers and readers are concerned, been represented in its true colours. It has perhaps suffered less from the attacks of enemies than from the advocacy of those who were his friends in the ill-judged enterprise with which his name will remain in history indelibly associated. From the moment the Archduke was induced to ally himself with the un-

principled violators of Mexican independence, it was but natural that Liberal politicians should conceive prepossessions against his character; nor is it therefore very much to be wondered at that some writers, in going through the formality of reviewing these three volumes without reading them, should be content to echo popular prejudices, and represent him, if not as an unscrupulous aggressor, at any rate as a weak-minded sentimentalist, a superstitious pietist of an ambitious and romantic disposition, without force of character or any of the statesmanlike qualities requisite for success in an undertaking so gigantic as that of introducing order into a degenerate state like Mexico. That such representations are cruelly unjust no impartial critic, who is at all acquainted with the prince's well-earned reputation in Germany, or who only knows so much of him as these volumes reveal, could for a moment deny. In his own country and throughout Germany Maximilian was uncontestedly one of the few princes who had really won the hearts of the people. In German newspapers and in common conversation the name of the "Erzherzog Max" always carried a cheerful sound. His virtual banishment from the Austrian Court, the dislike with which he was regarded by his Archducal cousins and in the aristocratic circles of the Empire, arose purely from his decided disposition towards a liberal policy. For he did not fail, so long as he was permitted, to exert himself in favour of enlightened measures in the government of the heterogeneous States of the Austrian Empire. After the conclusion of the war in Italy in 1848-49, he projected a constitutional government for Lombardo-Venetia as the basis of its future alliance with Austria; but the overtures he made with this view to some of the Italian leaders as well as to the Austrian Government remained fruitless, from the fact that the Emperor was induced by the all-powerful influence of the aristocratic and military circles at Court, to cut short the proceedings of his brother Maximilian by recalling him from the Italian provinces. Banished from public life in his own country, he took up his abode on the Istrian shores of the Adriatic, where his exquisite taste was employed in the adornment of that charming marine villa which has been the admiration of all who have seen it, and which he himself calls his "lovely, verdant, wave-encircled Miramar." His residence in this ravishing spot was varied at frequent intervals by voyages in the Mediterranean, and by travels in almost all the

* *Recollections of My Life.* By Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1868.

countries bordering on that sea, including Spain, Algiers, the various states of Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt. In addition to his visits to the first three in his list, these volumes record his voyage to Madeira, the Canary Isles, and the Empire of Brazil, undertaken in 1861, ten years subsequently to the date of most of his former expeditions. The Archduke was an excellent sailor and took hardly less delight in the sea — of which, with his experiences on it, he gives us some graphic descriptions — than in the wonders of the new countries which he crossed the waves to visit. More than once he expresses his delight at the fact that he is “the first man of his house to enter the Southern hemisphere;” “the first lineal descendant of Ferdinand and Isabella to whom from childhood it had been a day-dream to visit the American continent,” — all unconscious, alas! of the terrible fate that awaited him on its shores. With the events which induced him to exchange the refined enjoyments of his Istrian retreat for the toil and turmoil of Mexican battle-fields, it is here beyond our province to concern ourselves; but we may be permitted to express our conviction that when the secret history of the Mexican adventure is fully investigated, it will be found that Maximilian, whatever his errors of judgment, remained true to the reputation he always enjoyed up to the moment he left Miramar, and continued the same chivalrous, liberal, high-minded man whose acquaintance we make in these volumes. Assuredly self-aggrandizement was not the motive which induced him to accept the offered crown. The terms he dictated, the long interval of delay he allowed to elapse, the repeated solicitations which had to be made before he yielded his consent, — these are circumstances very unlikely to have occurred with a vulgar self-seeker. They are, on the other hand, precautions quite reconcilable with the honourable ambition by which we believe the Archduke to have been animated, — the ambition to find a sphere in which he might, as a ruler, carry out his desire to contribute effectively to the general sum of human progress and happiness. If Maximilian was unable to prove himself the benefactor of Mexico, it was because he was inveigled by deception and misrepresentation into a false position. The difficulties with which, after his desertion by the French, he had to contend, it would have taxed the powers of a warrior-statesman of the highest genius, of a Charlemagne or a William of Orange to overcome. Maximilian wanted at once

the genius and the unscrupulosity requisite for this task, — a task, it is to be observed, for which he had never stipulated. His scrupulous honour, humanity, and courage are so completely proved by the whole course of his life in Europe, by his refusing to abandon his adherents in Mexico, when the French withdrew their support and pressed him to retire, as well as by the heroic manner in which he met his death, that it is impossible to deny these qualities of him simply on the strength of his attaching his signature to the proclamation of October 3, 1865, and without knowing the exact circumstances under which the French Generals prevailed upon him to commit that blunder. The following passage, which it is impossible to believe could ever have been written by one destined himself to become an unscrupulous military adventurer, serves, we think, to throw some light on the principles which really guided Maximilian's conduct in the crisis of his affairs in Mexico. It is an extract from the account of his visit to Algiers. He is invited to mess with some French officers stationed at the foot of the Atlas Mountains: —

“The company was as motley as Wallenstein's camp; among other striking figures we discovered a Colonel von L—, who was talking German, a relation of our Master of the Ordnance; as commander of the Spahis of this division he wore the black-laced blue spencer and the red plaited trousers, which became his dyed beard and rouged cheeks admirably. He was a hoary, would-be youth, full of military pretension — a sort of graceful adventurer, making his livelihood by fighting. I do not like these soldiers of fortune, who sell their frivolous lives and merely exist from day to day. For honour, a man should give his property and his blood at the required moment; but to wander about the world with arms, without any noble aim in view, is contrary to all my feelings. In such society, which speaks scorn of straightforward, simple life, I always feel very uncomfortable, and this oppressive state of mind took possession of me to-day.”

In this we cannot fail to see the frank, generous, truth-loving soul of the man. We append one or two passages illustrating other aspects of his character. In the following there is the ring of honest indignation, which runs through all his denunciations of Brazilian slavery, of whose pernicious influence on the moral and material condition of the Empire he is constantly meeting with fresh evidence. In a suburb of Bahia he meets a number of German immigrants going home from their work: —

“A solitary palanquin passes swiftly through the crowd of Germans; it contains some Brazil-

ian of importance who is being carried to his siesta. Ere long he will rest peacefully on his gains, and sink into slumber in his network hammock in his cool verandah, the balmy sea air playing around him; and be encircled by faithful slaves. Do you ask how he has obtained his riches? how he has amassed the millions that have purchased the downy couch on which he reposes? The answer meets you in the public streets — by trading in human flesh, by measures heaped up and overflowing of black men, by coining false money. Notwithstanding this, the man passes for a very respectable person, bears some grand title of nobility, goes to Court, attends the Emperor on state occasions, and sleeps as tranquilly as the saints in Paradise. Why should he not? Conscience is altogether wanting in these warm climates."

Again, writing of Brazil, in a passage on which much might be said, and of which some sentences give us perhaps a glimpse of the ideal with which he went to Mexico, he says: —

"I begin now to understand why slaveholders retain in their democratic constitution the article that the Emperor and the heir to the throne shall never leave Brazil: outside the empire some different light might dawn upon them. . . . If Brazil would thrive among the empires of the world, it must have an iron-handed regenerator, a white despot basing his principles on justice, who will treat with no party, and who will interfere with iron austerities in case of need. His would be the melancholy lot not to be understood by the men of his time, to be hated by his Brazilian contemporaries; but history would accord him a high rank among those who work for the future; his name would be interwoven with the advanced opinions of Brazil, and would be blessed by future generations. Article I. in his constitution should run thus: — 'All men in a free empire are born free;' Article II., 'The heir to the throne must travel for several years in the civilised world, in order by his own observation and by comparison with foreign countries to learn statesmanship.'"

That the Archduke was himself "an enthusiastic traveller" we not only have his own assurance, but solid evidences in these volumes. Among his reflections on the subject of travelling we may quote the following: —

"Let every one travel who can. By travelling one gets true views of life; in this way only one becomes acquainted with the world; and really it is pitiable to see so many waste their money and their time stupidly sitting by their own firesides; but still more to be despised are those who thoughtlessly let themselves be dragged like trunks through foreign countries, without recognizing the beautiful and sublime, and who, at best, only make impertinent jokes

over the immortal monuments of art and history. Unfortunately the number of these travellers is very great in our time. The hopeful youths of the nineteenth century, educated in modern materialism, believe themselves in duty bound to travel; they think it bad style in the highest degree to find interest in anything interesting, or to get attracted, still less excited, by anything beautiful."

We refrain, though we had marked several additional passages, from making further quotations. Standing one day before a portrait by his "dear Vandyke," the youthful Maximilian is led into some reflections on the fate of Charles I., and Louis XVI. and his beautiful queen. He concludes with a passage which was destined ere long to apply, with melancholy fitness, to his case. "Both [kings]," he says, "had the opportunity, if not to live well, at least to die well. How was it that the wives of both were so handsome and so lovely? Why must the sweet and gentle be ever the victims?"

From All The Year Round.

BUONAPARTE THE HAPPY.

ABOUT eight miles from Florence, and situated on the brow of a high and wooded hill, is the town of St. Casciano, in a small street of which is the celebrated inn of the Campana, where Machiavel lived, and on the threshold of which he used to be seen in his wooden shoes and peasant's suit, asking various travellers the news from their countries, or playing, laughing, and disputing with the landlord, the miller, or the butcher. The great author might be seen pruning the lime twigs in the morning, or superintending the cutting down of trees, and thus occupying himself with the things of common life — to calm, as he used to say, the effervescence of his brain. About twenty miles further on, is Certaldo, which boasts of giving birth to Boccaccio, though he was born at Paris, but lived a long time at Certaldo, and died there.

Between these towns, rendered illustrious by the memory of these two great men, is a little unknown hamlet, situated in the midst of a smiling valley. It has a church of no renown and bare of art.

In the year 1807, there was a curé living here, called Buonaparte. He was poor and obscure, as if one of his name had never caused the Pope to leave the Vatican to crown him at Notre Dame of Paris. He was mild and unambitious, as if he were not the uncle of Letitia, and the great-uncle of the young general who had conquered

Italy, saluted the Pyramids, and made and unmade kings in Europe. The curé, in the parsonage garden, was another Alcinous, training his vines around the five or six elms that grew on the little domain, and he wore, like the father of Ulysses, a tattered cloak and mended shoes. All the noise that his great-nephew was making in the world, passed over his head, without his hearing or heeding it.

No one in the neighbourhood suspected who he was; he had forgotten Corsica to remember only his parishoners, who were as simple and ignorant as himself. His gun which he sometimes took out with him, provided his table with game; and in his little parlour were rods for fishing. These amusements, added to the cultivation of a few flowers, and the collection of tithes twice a year, were the temporal occupations of the worthy Buonaparte. As to his spiritual duties, he never made any innovations, but read the mass twice a week, and preached every Sunday after vespers.

There were, however, three objects which occupied the attention of the good priest more particularly than his other parishoners; they were a young girl, a youth, and a tame white hen. He had baptised and catechised the girl Matten, and observed her growing youth and beauty with innocent pleasure; her beautiful dark eyes, graceful figure, and simple artless manners were admired by all. She was the pride of the village. The good man was constantly thinking of her future prospects, and had arranged a suitable match for her with Tommaso, his sacristan. He was a tall fine young man, and a constant guest at the presbytery; he was the priest's factotum; he worked in the garden, cooked, served at mass, chanted in the choir, ornamented the altars, and was chief butler at home. He was a good fellow, though rather noisy, and always the first and the most ardent in the village quarrels.

Such was the suitor whom Buonaparte had chosen for his young protégée, and Tommaso loved her devotedly.

The good curate was living peaceably and happily among his flock and the two or three beings he especially loved, when one day an unaccustomed sound was heard in the village, horses' hoofs clattered on the stones, and the quiet court of the curacy was filled with a troop of cavalry. One of the emperor's officers, covered with gold lace, and with a plume of white feathers in his hat, dismounted, entered the modest parlour, and presented himself before the curé. The good man, trembling, rose, offered him a chair, and stood with hands

crossed meekly on his breast, uncertain what martyrdom might be in store for him.

"Compose yourself, sir," said the general, "compose yourself, I beg. Is your name Buonaparte, and are you the uncle of Napoleon, emperor of the French, and king of Italy?"

"Yes, sir," murmured the curate, who had a confused idea of the fortune of his great-nephew, but who regarded it as one of those far-off things from which he was separated by several countries and an immeasurable distance.

"His majesty's mother," continued the officer.

"Letitia!" interrupted the curé.

"Madame has spoken of you to his majesty," rejoined the general.

"To little Napoleon?" said the curate.

"To the emperor, sir. It is not suitable that so near a relative of his majesty, and one of your excellent character, should languish unknown in a poor living, while his family is governing Europe, while your nephew, reverend sir, is filling the world with his fame. The emperor has sent me to you; you have only to speak, you have only to express a wish, and it shall be executed. What episcopal seat tempts you? Would you like a bishopric in France, or in Italy? Will you exchange your black cassock for a cardinal's purple cloak? The emperor bears you too much friendship and respect to refuse you anything."

Now the greatest personage whom the poor curé had ever seen in his life was the Bishop of Fiesole, who came to the village once a year to confirm the little boys and girls. After the episcopal visit the good man was usually dazzled and bewildered for a fortnight, by the remembrance of the fisherman's ring, the golden mitre, and the lace sleeves.

He hesitated a moment to collect his thoughts, and then said: "Is all this true, sir? Is my niece, Letitia, an empress? And to think that I heard her first confession! It was a long time ago — when she was a little girl!"

The general smiled.

"Allow me, sir," continued the curé, "to think for a moment; one must reflect a little before one changes one's position so suddenly."

The general awaited the orders of the pastor, who left the parlour and went upstairs into a little room, the window of which looked on the court.

All was tumult and confusion there; the general's escort had taken off their horses' bridles, and the soldiers were smoking and laughing amongst themselves. Mattea,

concealed in a corner, was considering this novel sight with astonishment, while Tommaso was amusing himself by examining the swords and brilliant uniforms, and the white hen was running screaming and scared about the horses' feet.

Mattea's eyes gradually became familiarised with what she saw, and a dragoon, having remarked the young girl, approached and commenced a conversation with her. He was young, handsome, and gallant; Mattea was a little coquette, and not at all in love with the man whom her godfather had destined for her. What the young dragoon said, we know not; but it is certain that when Tommaso went to speak to Mattea, she sent him away, reminding him that it was twelve o'clock, and time for him to go and ring the Angelus. Tommaso, whose jealousy was already roused by his dashing rival in his brilliant uniform, flew into a passion, and would not stir from the spot; on which the dragoon took him by the ear, twirled him round and round, and sent him flying amid a group of his comrades.

"And is it you, you great booby," said one of the soldiers, "who ring the Angelus here, and respond to the curate's paternosters, instead of being a man and serving the emperor? You will be in a good position, sapristi, when you are promoted to be beadle of this wretched village! Believe us, my lad. Leave your belfry and come with us. We will give you a handsome uniform, a long sword, and a fine horse."

"Is it that girl who keeps you here?" said another of the troop, pointing to Mattea, who was in a corner of the court-yard, in earnest conversation with her new admirer. "Is it that girl who keeps you here? Look at her well, she doesn't care for *you*, she likes the soldier. Look at her!"

During this time, a fat dragoon, whose rations no doubt did not suffice him, was chasing the curate's fowls about, and the white hen was vainly endeavouring to escape from her tormentor.

"Mattea! Go home to your mother directly," cried the curé from the upper window. "Dragoon! Please to let that fowl alone!"

The feeble voice of the curé had not the power of Napoleon's. The soldier continued to talk to the girl, and the fat dragoon continued to chase the white hen. Tommaso was stroking the croup of a saddle with one hand whilst the other was playing with a sword-handle. At last the assiduous dragoon went to fetch his horse, and sprang on it with one bound; then giving both

hands to Mattea, he placed her on the saddle behind him, and without any respect for the curé or his house, set spurs to the animal and disappeared with the Italian girl. At the same moment the other dragoon caught the white hen!

"Mattea! Mattea! Oh! my poor Bianca! Dragoon! put down that fowl!" cried the poor curé with a trembling voice.

Tommaso, hearing his master's agitated exclamations, ran to the rescue of the hen; the poor fellow, not being able to save his sweetheart, did all he could to save Bianca.

Buonaparte left his room and came down to rejoin the general. The poor man was pale and trembling.

"What is the matter, monsignor?" said the general. "What can have agitated you thus?"

"My lord," replied the curé, in a melancholy tone; "my god-daughter, my dear Mattea, is taken off by one of your men."

"What! A young girl taken away from the house of the emperor's uncle! The fellow shall be punished; he shall be shot this very hour! Hollo! Brigadier! which of your men has been guilty of this crime?"

"Let no blood be spilled, I beseech you, general; let no blood be spilled; but if he be a good man, let him marry Mattea."

There had been no violence or crime. The Florentine Helen had suddenly become fascinated, and had gone off of her own accord with her Paris, who was a good soldier, and had been selected to have the cross of the legion of honour.

"He *shall* marry her. I will answer for that," said the general.

The curé was looking about him in a timid kind of way, seeking his favourite hen, but the severity of the general, who had spoken of shooting Mattea's lover, checked him. He would not compromise a man's life for the love of a fowl. Suddenly Tommaso came running back, holding the cherished Bianca in his arms; the poor thing was half dead with fright; her blue eyelids hid her round eyes; and her stiffened claws could not support her. The curé took her, opened her beak, and poured a few drops of wine down her throat; the fowl gradually recovered, (like a fine lady from hysterics) and began to flutter her wings. Tommaso seized the welcome opportunity of speaking to the curate.

"Sir," said he, "I have lost Mattea; the soldiers have promised me that I shall one day be a captain, a colonel, a marshal of France, and I don't know what besides. I—I—have enlisted for a dragoon!"

Buonaparte gave the general a sad look, as he smoothed his fowl's white feathers,

and said to him: "General, I thank my nephew, the emperor, for his good intentions towards me, but I prefer remaining the curé of the poor and unknown little village, where I have been happy so long. I hesitated for a moment, and you see, God has punished me. . . . Say to Letitia that I hope (and believe firmly) she is still as good and conscientious as she was when a little girl. . . . Kiss my nephew, the little Napoleon, for me; may God keep them all on their thrones! They are good children for taking thought of their old uncle, but I desire neither a bishopric nor a cardinal's cloak. . . . Go, general, if you respect the wishes of your emperor's uncle, do not come here again."

When an officer received an order from the emperor, he was obliged to execute the imperial wish. If Napoleon said, "You are to take that town," it was necessary to take it; it was written that it was to be taken; his prophetic word was one of the thousand causes of his great success. Now, he had said to the general: "You will take my uncle, the curé, from his living, and make him come to Paris, or take him to Rome; he must be near me, or near the Pope; it matters not which; he will do well whichever he chooses, but it must not be otherwise; he must at least become a bishop."

The general entreated, supplicated, and, at last, insisted that the curé should alter his decision. The brave soldier could not understand a man's refusing the grand cross of the legion of honour, a bishopric, the revenues of a diocese, a cardinal's hat and influence. However, the good curé remained firm to his resolution; he resisted the general's supplications, and when threats were used, he replied with the bitterness of an irritated Corsican, and with the authority of an aged relative, who was not to be coaxed or flattered by the inconsiderate youth and ambition of his great nephew: "General, I have given you my answer, and I will not swerve from it."

The disappointed general was forced to retire without executing his mission, and his noisy escort evacuated the village.

When Napoleon heard of the bad success of his ambassador and this utter want of ambition in a Buonaparte, he shrugged his shoulders with contemptuous pity.

Mattea was married to the dragoon, and became, in time, the wife of a colonel. Tommaso was, in a few years, a captain in the Imperial Guard.

And the good curé, Buonaparte, died before the termination of the first empire, beloved and regretted by all around him.

Alas! he was, after all, — says the French account from which this little narrative is rendered into English, — the happiest of his family.

From The Spectator.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

PERHAPS the most that can now be done towards representing Shakespeare truly on the stage is done where actors or actresses, with a special genius for individual parts, give such representations of them as Mr. Mark Lemon is now giving of Sir John Falstaff, in the selected scenes from Henry IV., at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. Where whole plays of Shakespeare are revived, we are almost sure to be tortured by a crowd of failures so irritating that the one or two successes lose all their charm. Even in Mr. Mark Lemon's selected scenes no spectator can help being aggrieved by the pert and under-bred manner of the actor who represents the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., — one of the most royal of those portraits of Shakespeare's which have, as Mr. Emerson truly remarked the other day, filled literature with conceptions of royalty far royaller than any which actual kings ever suggest. Mr. Mark Lemon's Falstaff, however, fills so completely the centre of the picture, that nobody cares to give to any of the minor characters more than a passing glance of criticism. Mr. Mark Lemon seems to us to deserve quite all the praise which a press, never too fastidious about praising any leader in literary circles, has awarded him. If there is a weakness in his representation of the part, it is that he gives too much geniality to the humour, and too little emphasis to the selfish envy, and even malice, which Shakespeare certainly intended to reconcile in Falstaff with what is rarely found in its company, true humour. Nothing can be more admirable than Mr. Lemon's way of giving Sir John Falstaff's humorous soliloquy on himself in the dark lane just before the robbery, when he is wondering what can induce him to rob in "that thief's [Poin's] company," and suggests to himself as the only credible account of the matter, "if the rascal has not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else I have drunk medicines." This conclusion is announced with a positiveness of manner and also an amused horror, as if imagination, having once apprehended this point, were roaming in search of the incalculable catastrophes which this hypothe-

sis might warrant, that presents the humour in Sir John Falstaff at its highest point. Yet the delightful caprice of constructing such a wild hypothesis for himself as that he—"fat Jack"—was the victim of a sort of love-potion; the seeming flash of regret that there is no one by who can appreciate the humour of the suggestion; the musing pause in which he allows his imagination to range freely for a moment over the great field of possibility he has opened up; in fact, all the subtlety of that little bit of acting seemed to us quite lost on even the very select audience which was assembled to see Mr. Mark Lemon. There was, however, a certain want of swing, of *élan*, in Mr. Mark Lemon's mode of representing Falstaff. That delight in adding stroke upon stroke to his own caricatures, in letting himself float with the stream of his own *rapture* of exaggeration, is not given; as when, for instance, he multiplies the "men in buckram" with whom he has fought from two up to eleven; and when, again, in the scene with Bardolph he enlarges on the flame-colour of Bardolph's nose, calls it an admiral's lantern, an *ignis fatuus*, a ball of wildfire, a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light, a salamander, and so forth. There is more, we think, of *afflatus* in these exaggerating moods of Falstaff's, more of the enjoyment of being carried away by his own extravagance, than Mr. Lemon fully expressed. And this fitful extravagance of moody humour is partly wanted to explain the excessive flatness and wretchedness of his condition when the mood is off him. Falstaff is evidently a humourist of uneven spirits, in whose extravagance there is a dash of excitement, which Mr. Lemon seems to us rather to miss. On the other hand, he gives his low spirits admirably, and where Falstaff says that he is "as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugged bear," no one can doubt it for a moment. The touches most finely given by Mr. Lemon are the quieter touches of Falstaff's soliloquies, and, again, the fire of chaffing repartee, where there is not time for him to mount up to his highest extravagances. His momentary anxieties in ransacking his resources for an answer to the Prince and to the Chief Justice are perfectly given. When the Prince is telling him of the trick he and Poin have played upon him by robbing him and his party of their booty, and this just after Falstaff's magniloquent description of his struggle with the unknown robbers, Falstaff's look of momentary worry and puzzle, and the sudden and impudent clearing of his brow when he devises a reply, might remind any one who has watched

Mr. Disraeli's face during an attack of any importance on his braggadocio,—Lord Palmerston's attack upon him, for instance, for his wonderful Slough speech in 1858,—of the rapidly passing cloud and the bright gleam of resourceful sauciness with which the Premier himself often watches and meets the criticisms caused by his own draughts on Sir John Falstaff's "Cambyases' vein." Again, Mr. Mark Lemon is admirable in his delineation of the highly imaginative side of Falstaff's humour. He gives the candour of Falstaff's gloriously candid Conservatism in congratulating the Prince on acting the foot-pad, because "*the poor abuses of the time want countenance*," with the true melancholy of a *laudator temporis acti*, who would willingly save even a particle of the delightful immoralities of the past from wanton destruction. So, too, where Falstaff determines on not changing his soiled garments of travel before stopping the newly-crowned King, his old boon companion, and points out to his companions the good effect this may have in giving an air of enthusiasm and passion to his congratulations, the almost poetic exultation of Falstaff in his own creative power, as his imagination accumulates touch after touch of the true interpretation which *ought* to be put by the King on his travel-stained attire, is most ably rendered by Mr. Mark Lemon:—

"*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. — [To Shallow.] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

"*Shal.* It doth so.

"*Fal.* It shows my earnestness in affection.

"*Shal.* It doth so.

"*Fal.* My devotion.

"*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

"*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

"*Shal.* It is most certain.

"*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him."

We have said that if there is a substantial defect of any kind in Mr. Mark Lemon's portraiture it is, perhaps, that he does not combine the spirit of grudge and even malice which is at the bottom of Falstaff's character sufficiently with the play of his humour. This is due partly to the selection of the scenes, which are so chosen as to give a too favourable view of Falstaff, and

too predominant an effect to his humour. The scene, for instance, in which Falstaff falls on Justice Shallow's character, and backbites him with characteristic bitterness, is omitted; the scene in which he stabs the dead Hotspur in the thigh to make sure of him in the first instance, as well as in the second to lay a foundation for his boast of having killed him, is omitted; the scene in which he vents his spite on Poins and the Prince, behind their backs as he thinks, ("He a good wit! hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard!"), is omitted; indeed, many scenes in which the maliciousness of Falstaff's humour is chiefly shown are omitted. Nevertheless, enough is left to indicate Shakespeare's conception,—that of a man who apparently never had a genuinely kind feeling for any living creature but himself. It is evidently partly malice which urges him on to his pile of exaggerations about the flame-colour of Bardolph's nose, and wholly malice with which he taunts Mistress Quickly, "There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee." Moreover, though it is not the selfish malice in Sir John Falstaff which is shown in his soliloquy on "honour" just before the battle of Shrewsbury, his cynicism is; and Mr. Mark Lemon's rendering of that scene was to our mind not nearly cynical enough,—too humorous, and not sufficiently contemptuous for the reputed virtues of men. This is the speech of a pure cynic who is trying to justify to himself his own baseness:—"What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yes; to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? *Detraction will not suffer it.*" Mr. Lemon gave it with great spirit, but not with that utter disgust for humanity and all it values most, proper to the utterly selfish man who has not a spark of sympathy for any good human quality left in him.

The reaction in favour of Sir John Falstaff truly represents him as a fine humourist, a gentleman by breeding, and certainly not a poltroon, not so much a coward, as a man so selfish that he makes it a *principle* to avoid danger. This is perfectly just and evidently true to Shakespeare's conception. But when it goes on to find anything truly "gentle" in Falstaff's nature, beyond his breeding, it seems to us to miss entirely Shakespeare's meaning. There is not a sentence in any of the three plays in

which Sir John appears in which Shakespeare attributes to him an amiable quality. Mr. Mark Lemon is so much in love with his hero's humour, that he does not in his acting make the character as utterly base as it is meant to be. For instance, when Mistress Quickly has charged Falstaff with having said that the Prince owed him a thousand pounds, and Prince Henry asks, "Sirrah, do I owe thee a thousand pounds?" Sir John turns round, according to Mr. Mark Lemon, with quite a genuine tenderness in his manner, and says, "A thousand pound, Hal? a million; thy love is worth a million; and thou owest me thy love." Yet, it is evident that this, like the rest, is only a repartee. Sir John cares not a jot for Prince Henry, nor Prince Henry, except as a mere source of amusement, for Sir John. The first is shown by the contemptuous way in which Falstaff picks the Prince to pieces behind his back; the last by Prince Henry's kindlier but still utterly cold farewell to him when he supposes him to be lying dead on the field of Shrewsbury:—

"Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
Oh! I should have a heavy miss of thee
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray."

On the whole, the only fault we find with Mr. Mark Lemon's admirable impersonation is, that he does not seem to us to give the cold, envious, and malicious side of Sir John Falstaff's selfishness as finely as he gives his imaginative humour.

From The London Review.

WORDS OF COMFORT.*

THE origin of this volume was the death of a little daughter of the editor, Mr. Logan, who has gathered together quite a body of literature on the subject of infant salvation, and the consolations arising out of that grand and intensely Christian idea. With the exception of the able and curious historical sketch of the subject, by Dr. William Anderson, the pieces of prose which form the first four hundred pages of the work are generally brief; and their excellence lies in this, that they have nearly all of them been wrung from the hearts of

* Words of Comfort for Parents Bereaved of Little Children. Edited by William Logan, Author of "The Moral Statistics of Glasgow," &c. With an Introductory Historical Sketch, by the Rev. William Anderson, LL. D. Glasgow. Fifth Edition, enlarged; 13th thousand. London: James Nisbet & Co.

men and women whom death has bereft of little children. All the matter is not of equal value in a literary point of view; but there breathes through the various articles a tone of profound sympathy and sincerity, as if the writers were too much filled with the reality of sorrow to care much for the merely artistic expression of it. Yet no carelessness is visible in the book; it is one of keen reality; and the general simplicity and gracefulness of its contents, brimming full of hope and consolation as they are, must make it everywhere acceptable, since death has been everywhere. It is not our province to enter into the question of infant salvation, many interesting views of which are given in Mr. Logan's volume. The steady white light of the supreme and consoling truth illumines every page; and, although it is evident that much of the writing has been sad and tearful work, we perhaps utter the highest praise when we say that almost none of it can be described as weak or mawkish. Everywhere are signs of genuine suffering and honest tears; the reader feels that these are not theatrical sorrows; and the work is therefore a singularly wholesome one. But, although we cannot enter into the subject as a matter for discussion, we may pause over it for a minute or two. Even in the Christian world the difference of feeling and expression produced by the death of young children is very remarkable. In glancing at the mortality tables of the Registrar-General, we discover that children in this country die annually in battalions: yet the figures can hardly be said to produce a feeling of grief; we are rather stunned than pierced; and our feeling is one of pure helplessness or indignation on learning the further fact that great numbers of these infant deaths are distinctly preventible, or, worse still, that many of them are hardly a shade removed from murder—that some of them are murder, in the form of infanticide. Should, however, the child of our neighbour die, we are more affected and melted than we are by hearing of the vast numerical tragedy of the year. But if we can imagine that the great majority of children who die yearly leave behind them in some hearts the same feelings which pierce ourselves when our own child dies, we shall have some faint conception of the subtle web of sorrow which is being perpetually woven around us. But if for that sorrow there were no alleviating hope—no hope that these tender, unfledged souls were heirs of eternal life—what a source of agony and despair their dying would be to the parental heart! A father might be

tempted in that case to use the fearful words which the famous rhetorician Quintillian expressed, on the death of the second of his two young sons, whom his wife, herself dying early, had left him. In Book VII. of his "Institutes of the Orator," in which he gives an account of the state of his mind on the occasion, he says:—"Whilst day and night I laboured to execute my design before mortality had assailed me, the bitterness of fortune all of a sudden so overwhelmed me that the fruits of my industry belonged to no one less than to myself; for I lost that promising son, the only hope of my old age; and this was the second wound that was struck deep to afflict me, now a childless father. What, then, could I do? or on what any more employ the unfortunate talents on which the gods seem to frown? . . . Who would not detest my insensibility if I made any other use of my voice than to vent complaints against the injustice of the gods, who have made me survive all that was dearest to me in the world,—if I did not proclaim that there is no providence in the regulation of human affairs? That there is none is visible in regard to me—if not on account of my own misfortunes, to whom no evil can be imputed but that I prolong my life, at least on account of the undeserved destiny of my boys." These are curious expressions though perhaps not unnatural in the mouth of a man still under the dominion of the Heathen Mythology. It is not a little singular that Quintillian flourished in Rome while Paul was imprisoned in the same city; and that while the old rhetorician was venting his indignation on the supposed cruelty of the gods for slaying his sons, the great apostle of Christianity was writing from his cell those epistolary expositions of that religion which could have revealed to the upright and stricken old Roman, had he but met Paul, that the destiny of his sons was one greater and happier than any the Roman world could have conferred. How would the sad Quintillian have looked and felt had he been present, which he might have been, and heard the Master breathe the golden words: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven"! In the second part of his volume Mr. Logan has gathered together a good variety of poetical pieces, which appropriately and fully breathe the music of sorrow. We do not say that this part of the book is better than the first; but certainly the names of the principal authors are more famous; and it is probable that readers who may skip the

prose will be caught by the poetry. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, and Tennyson are excellent authorities on the subjects of death, the sorrow which follows death, and the hopes which soothe the heart and draw the eyes of sorrow towards the "blessed home." The pieces of the minor poets are full of good feeling; but justice requires it to be said that some of them are poor, and could be profitably replaced by much finer verses—finer, we mean, in the essence of poetry, and in poetic execution, not better in moral or spiritual sincerity. Altogether, however, the volume is carefully compiled, and is admirably adapted to the purpose of the editor. One of the verses quoted is from Tennyson's fine poem "The Grandmother"—a verse conveying in simple touches a profound conception of the comparativeness, if not the perfect oneness of time and space:—

"So Willie has gone, my beauty, my eldest
born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willie, he has gone but
for an hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into
the next;
I, too, shall be gone in a minute. What time
have I to be vexed?"

From The London Review.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.*

AMERICA has been busy of late years in sending us humorists and *prime donne*; and among the former, Mr. C. G. Leland certainly claims a well-merited place. The odd, quaint little ballads collected in this tiny volume are really very amusing; and although it is obvious that much of their fun consists in the jumbled English-German of the writing, there are still to be found bits of humour as sly and as apparently unconscious as those of Mr. James Russell Lowell; while the grave burlesque of certain other passages is quite as good as much of the late Artemus Ward. Hans Breitmann is an American Hudibras, who goes forth to the wars. His adventures are related in his own peculiar diction—the mixture of mongrel German, bad English, and Yankeeisms which the ruder kind of German emigrant sometimes acquires in America. No one can properly appreciate the fun of these ballads unless his acquaintance with German enables him to recognize the oddities produced by Anglicizing German words and

Germanizing English ones. Here is a passage from "Hans Breitmann's Party," which will illustrate these peculiarities of idiom; and the reader will notice how making one's self "at home" comes out as making one's self "to house"—a confusion in both languages which is scarcely explainable:—

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demsels to house;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Ve all cot troonck ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of bier
Und emptied it oop mit a schwiga.
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany vighted mit duple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shlop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern —
De shter of de sphirits' light?
All goned afay mit de Lager Beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!"

Hans Breitmann goes to fight the rebels. He encounters a colonel of cavalry, and a tremendous hand-to-hand fight takes place. Breitmann disarms his enemy, and, as the latter lies prostrate on the ground, Breitmann offers to spare his life if he will believe in moral ideas. The conquered foe knows nothing about moral ideas; he confesses that he is "ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de *Tribune*;" and, in the course of his reply, he reveals the fact that he is Breitmann's son. Breitmann exclaims:—

"Und vas dy fader Breitmann? Bist du his
kit und kin?
Den know dat ich der Breitmann dein lieber
Vater bin!
Der Breitmann pooled his hand-shoe off und
shooked him py de hand;
'Ve'll hafe some trinks on strengt' of dis — or
else may I pe tam'd!
'Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop,' der younger
Breitmann said;
'I'd den dimes sooner had it coom right down on
mine own headt!
'Oh, never mind — dat soon dry oop—I shticks
him mit a blaster;
If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere a worse
tisaader.'

* Hans Breitmann's Party. With Other Ballads.
By C. G. Leland. London: Trubner.

Dis fight did last all afternoon — *wohl* to de fester tide,

Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, de Breitmann he did ride.

Vot veers der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of factory!

Who's dat a ridin' py his side? 'Dis here's a mein son,' says he.

How statly rode der Breitmann oop! — how lordly he kit down!

How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de bier so prawn!

But der Yungar bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at one.

'Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings — I *know* dou art mein son!'

Der one has got a fader; de oder found a child, Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in patlie fierce and wild.

It make so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so succeed —

Und damit has sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S LIED."

For Hans Breitmann's lingual powers it must be said that he is able to make himself intelligible in a foreign country. Perhaps a considerable majority of his English readers who will laugh over his bad pronunciation might not shine much better themselves were they to avoid *valets-de-place* and polyglot waiters.

By far the funniest thing in the book, however, is a burlesque ballad of the Rhine. The old story of the knight and the mermaid, which has been told in a hundred different ways, is here put into modern words; and the maiden "who has got nothing on" tempts the knight down into subaquean haunts with promises of material blessings. The ballad is altogether so quaint and dry in its humour that it will bear quoting in full: —

"Der noble Ritter Hugo

Von Schwillensaufenstein,

Rode out mit sheper and helmet,

Und he coom to de panks of the Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer-maid,

Vot hadn't got nodings on,

Und she says 'Oh, Ritter Hugo,

Where you goes mit yourself alone?'

And he says, 'I rides in de greenwood,

Mit helmet und mit sheper,

Till I cooms into ein Gasthaus,

Und dere I trinks some beer.'

Und den outspoke de maiden

Vot hadn't got nodings on:

'I tont dink mooch of beoplesh

Dat goes mit demsels alone.

'You'd petter coom down in de wasser,

Vere dere's heaps of dings to see,

Und hafe a splendid tinner

Und drafel along mit me.

'Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin',

Und you catches dem efery one: —

So sang dis wasser maiden

Vot hadn't got nodings on.

'Dere ish drunks all full mit money

In ships dat vent down of old;

Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!

To shimmerin' crowns of gold.

'Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!

Shoost see dese diamant rings!

Coom down and full your bockets,

Und I'll giss you like efery dings.

'Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager!

Coom down into der Rhine!

Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne

Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!'

Dat fetched — he sthood all sphell pound;

She pooled his coat-tails down,

She drew him conder der wasser,

De maiden mit nodings on."

"Das hat mit ihrem Singen, die Lorelei gethan." Mr. Leland should go a step further. Having burlesqued the German pronunciation of English, let him write a ballad or two in French and German, with the pronunciation conferred upon those languages by the English. Perhaps the result would be more pitiable than comic.

From The Daily News.

THE SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THERE was an error in the telegram which announced the return of the Swedish Arctic Expedition. The highest latitude attained by Professor Nordenskiöld was 82 deg. 40 min. instead of 81 deg. 40 min. The difference is important. In fact, the Swedish expedition at once takes its place as the most promising attempt yet made to determine whether the North Pole can be reached or not. In the first place, the expedition attained a higher latitude on the open sea than had ever before been reached. Sir Edward Parry travelled as far north as latitude 82 deg. 45 min. over the ice fields which lie to the north of Spitzbergen. Thus the Union Jack has been carried some three miles or so further north than the Swedish flag. But the ease and rapidity with which the Swedes accomplished their work place the late expedition fully on a par with Parry's boat-and-sledge journey; and the evidence which it affords respecting the sea-route to the Pole is quite as important as that which is suggested — rather than directly presented — by Parry's voyage. It will be remembered that Parry's party found that the ice-fields over which they were laboriously tracking their way northwards, were floating almost as fast towards the

south. So far, then, there was evidence that the sea on which the fields had formed was both wide and deep. It also became clear that this sea extends much further to the north than Parry had been able to get, because it is obvious that the ice on which he and his party stood when they had attained their highest northerly latitude must have been much further towards the north a few days before — since it had been floating continually southwards during that time. But still, it was not clear from Parry's voyage that the northern seas are ever navigable in those high latitudes. For anything which appeared, it might be a part of the economy of the Arctic regions that a vast icefield extending in a solid mass right across the North Atlantic, in latitudes higher than any yet reached, should float each year bodily southwards. There was, indeed, no reason for supposing that Parry's experience was exceptional; nor did it appear at all unlikely that what happened to the north of Spitzbergen might indicate that a similar process was taking place right across those northern seas. But Professor Nordenskiöld's voyage in the *Sofia* has shown that in the very latitude to which Parry found that the great ice-field extended northwards in an unbroken mass there is open water communication further west. If a process resembling that observed by Parry was going on during the present year, then it must be assumed that the *Sofia* was outside the western border of the great ice-field. Now, if we imagine the case of a more powerful steamer thus situated, at so early a season as to permit of a more protracted struggle with the difficulties presented by the ice-encumbered seas, we shall see that there would be a very fair prospect of the Pole, or at least a very high latitude, being reached. For the great ice-field which carried Parry southwards must have been floating freely. Therefore, a ship placed on its border could have found a channel around it; and, further, since the motion of the field was towards the south, the open water around it must have been widening on its northern border. So that the further north the ship was pushed the clearer would her course become. Again, we have already remarked that the most northerly point reached by Parry must have been much nearer the Pole a few days before Parry turned his face southwards. But this is not all. Parry saw towards the north no sign of open water. The experienced Arctic traveller can detect the neighbourhood of an open sea long before the water becomes actually visible to the eye. The phenomenon termed the "water-sky" is

visible when the open water which it indicates is as yet forty or fifty miles off, or even further. Therefore, the northern boundary of Parry's ice-field must have lain far away to the north; and adding the distance thus indicated to the southerly drift of the field, it will be seen that the open water which lay beyond the ice-field must extend within two or three hundred miles of the North Pole, if not nearer. This, be it remarked, is certain; the open sea probably extends much further north; since there is every reason for supposing that Parry's ice-field had been floating about in those northern seas for weeks before he began to traverse it. Thus we learn from Parry's experience, combined with that gleaned by Professor Nordenskiöld, that the open sea route towards the Pole only requires to be boldly and perseveringly pursued in a well-fitted and strongly-built steamer, to reward the Arctic voyager with a much closer approach towards the North Pole than has ever yet been attained — if not even with success in reaching the Pole itself. One circumstance, however, seems to merit attention. Captain Koldewey, it will be remembered, tried to make the shore of Greenland in latitude 76°, and afterwards bore away to the east. The Swedish expedition also traversed the eastern part of the North Atlantic. Now, it seems to us that Dr. Kane's discovery of an open tidal sea to the north of Kennedy's Channel indicates that the true course for an Arctic explorer, when once the eightieth parallel has been reached, is to bear off towards the north-west. For it is certain that the tidal waves of the Atlantic find their way in that direction. It is equally certain, also, that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream pour round the unknown northern shores of Greenland to Kane's sea, since the observed temperature of that sea indicated in a very obvious manner the action of the enormous volume of water carried northwards by the Gulf Stream. Besides, by adopting a north-westerly course a ship would increase her chance of escaping from the outlying arms of the enormous ice-fields which float about to the north of Spitzbergen. An attempt to reach Kane's sea from Spitzbergen is worth making. Success in such an attempt would be fully as important as success in reaching the Pole; but in all probability the latter exploit would be a sequel to the former, since there is good reason for believing that the sea on whose shores Dr. Kane and his party found the limit on their northward progress is the true Polar ocean, and is navigable throughout the summer months right up to and beyond the Pole.

From The Spectator, 7 Nov.

EARTHQUAKES AND ENGLISH CHARACTER.

If England were ever to become the centre of a region of active earthquakes like Peru and Ecuador, — earthquakes not like that of October, 1863, and yesterday week, which alarmed a few nervous people, but such as turn cities into lakes, substitute active volcanoes for fertile farms, and throw up new mountains, — what would become of the English character? It is not impossible; or if it is, it is an impossibility which we have no means of knowing, for it seems pretty certain that the surface of the earth is but a thin crust confining the wildest and most destructive forces, which are always striving to break out, and succeed whenever a cracking of that crust, owing to any sudden cooling or overheating of the surface, enables them to do so. Though it seems probable that we have a thicker crust between us and the earthquake-forces in England than either South America or Calabria, we have no assurance that any inward disturbance of the interior force may not cause some new rift that might lay us open to the same terrible dangers. If that were ever to happen, should we verify Mr. Buckle's theory of the degrading effect produced on the minds of all the races of men by any destructive forces of overpowering and overwhelming magnitude, in the presence of which man is almost helpless, and paralyzed even where he is not helpless? Supposing a slight earthquake a day were the ordinary rule, as it is in some parts of South America, and a terribly destructive shock at intervals of a few years, should we remain what we now mean by true "Britons" for another generation? Would not the great external change soon work its effect on our characters, — impress on us the uncertainty of life and property in a sense in which our religious teachers have entirely failed to engrave it on our minds, — and yet instead of spiritualizing us, deaden us more effectually than ever to all truly spiritual impressions? We think it is scarcely possible to doubt that so it would be. And if so, it is a curious lesson to those teachers who are always trying to persuade us that the thought of death should be ever present with us, that wherever Nature herself succeeds in stamping this indelibly on men's minds, the result is not to refine the grosser, and strengthen the spiritual, affections of human nature, but only to diminish the total force of human character altogether, and perhaps even to foster the impatient and gambling dispositions

which risk much and rashly for immediate gains, at the expense of those slowly cumulative energies which sow early in the faith that they shall reap late, but certainly.

Yet it might seem that earthquakes are sent especially and providentially to aid in the realization of that attitude of mind which Roman Catholics call "detachment," — for no other phenomenon, natural or supernatural, so completely snaps all the ties between man and every physical and earthly object of attachment. Pestilence may kill us, but if it does not, it may leave us infinitely richer by the death of others; from famine, or flood, or drought, or volcanic eruption we may escape to other lands; we may ensure ourselves against fire or wreck, or almost any other physical danger; but if the earth itself gives way beneath us, if the "real" estate vanishes, if there is no footing beneath us on which to flee away, if the city is swallowed up at our feet as it was at those of Lord Carnarvon's friend in Peru, if the insurers disappear, and the whole property which is the basis of insurance sinks into the yawning gulf, if there is left no room for ascetic self-denial because nothing earthly to cling to; — then, indeed, one would suppose that we should try what we could manage in the way of clinging by our consciences and spirits to the spiritual Will, which is the only reality left to us. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is nearly certain that if all our habits of trust in what, though we may call it earthly, has ever been the foundation of our ordinary life and duties, were to be rudely broken at once, men would find it not *more*, but much *less* easy, to trust implicitly the Divine Spirit itself. "Detachment," in the Catholic sense, cannot be reached by merely breaking earthly and human ties, but only by cultivating the spiritual. To be *physically* detached from all objects of earthly desire is not a step towards, but a step away from, life in God, — for the essence of that, is trust, acquiescence in His will because it is His will, — and the essence of this is nakedness, the sudden sense of emptiness, and helplessness, and fear, and want, and impotence, all of them emotions in the last degree opposed to those at which the religious spirit aims. The first physical (or is it moral?) effect of an earthquake seems to be to strip men of all their sense of moral relation to the universe altogether, to reduce them to the sickness of absolute isolation, and this even before the shock has worked its destructive effects. A gentleman who was in one of the worst earthquakes at Copiapo said, "Before we hear the sound, or at least are fully conscious of hearing it, we are made sensible,

I know not how, that something uncommon is going to happen; everything seems to change colour; our thoughts are chained immovably down; the whole world appears to be in disorder; all nature looks different from what it was wont to do; and we feel quite subdued and overwhelmed by some invisible power beyond human control or comprehension." That is almost a prose account of what Dr. Newman paints in verse as his conception of the detachment of *death* itself:—

"I am no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man, as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink,
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And crueller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul."

And since even a Catholic does not regard the detachment of death as a moral discipline for any one who has not cultivated spiritual life before the crash comes,—so the moral effects of the earthquake, which are the next thing to death, the sinking away of all physical stays, the abandonment of man to the absolutely "unknown and unknowable" as regards all earthly life, cannot be supposed to be a moral discipline, except to him who has really learned to live a hidden life which no convulsions of this sort even threatens.

And the Briton is the last man who can be supposed to have learned this at all. The good in him mainly consists in the tenacity with which he lives in a narrow set of visible relations, and the punctuality with which he fulfils the duties which so arise to him. What would a British Parliament be like if deliberating under the fixed impression that all they did one year might be undone the next,—that some morning the new Embankment might turn out to be at the top of a new chain of hills, and the stones of the Houses of Parliament themselves associated with it,—that the Docks at Devonport might any night be left by the sea some three miles inland,—that the City and Westminster might be shuffled, and the Marquis of Westminster suddenly beggared by the fall of all his houses and the death of most of his tenants,—that the bullion at the Bank of England might disappear without what is called "a flow," without being exported, and not only

"Peef's Act" and cash payments be suspended, but all need for cash payments abruptly abolished,—that not only the *small* boroughs might prove "rotten," but the very largest,—that the Irish Churches might be "disestablished" without the vote of either House of Parliament, and the tenure of the Throne itself "dangerously touched" without any conspiracy either Roman Catholic or Fenian? Suppose a British Parliament deliberating under such conditions as these or anything remotely approaching them,—under fears such as would be reasonable in Quito and not unnatural at Lima,—and what would British "good sense," and British tenacity of purpose, and that British courage which does not seem to know when it is beaten, become? We suspect that no character would show less brilliantly than the British under such circumstances as these. Its strength consists very much in a slow but deeply graven, imagination, which takes a profound impression from all those transactions to which it is well accustomed, and is very obtuse to all others, so obtuse as not to admit any disturbance from considerations which seem to be irrelevant to the ordinary course of its daily work. Let once this practical line of expectation and confidence be rudely shaken, and it is almost impossible to say what form British character would take. It would scarcely show the strenuousness of ants, which go to work at once to repair all the mischief done to their nest, and this as often as the injury is repeated; for British confidence seems to be easily disheartened, witness the prolonged panic caused by the evidence of speculative and ill-managed companies in the last few years. Let only Nature treat the Englishman as badly as the speculative trader has recently treated him, and all would soon be either at a stand-still, or else there would be a great rush towards immediate enjoyment by way of seizing on the only certainty; more probably, perhaps, the former; for the speculative and gambling spirit in Englishmen is caused more by narrow and overweening self-confidence than by anything like desperation; and though Englishmen would not create if the fear of sudden destruction was strong upon them, it is not perhaps very like them to throw away recklessly anything they have. We suspect that a deep physical distrust of Nature would operate on Englishmen very like their recent deep moral distrust of commercial enterprise,—that it would simply paralyze and narrow their active powers, but in no way contribute to enlarge their spiritual life.

Even granting the truth in what the Catholics mean by the virtue of "detachment," — granting, that is, that we ought to live a life that is not *all* absorbed and wrapped up in earthly duties, that can bear to contemplate a complete transformation of those duties, — even granting this, Englishmen are likely to attain it, so far as they ever can, rather by exhausting the full meaning of them, and finding out that they are not enough for the *whole* life within us, than by any sudden rupture of them. We, as a nation, if we ever do attain "detachment," shall do so by exhausting the power of "attachment," not by being shaken free from earthly ties. We suspect an era of earthquake would demoralize us even *more* than it would demoralize most other races of our globe.

From The Spectator.

THE INDIANS OF GUIANA.*

MR. BRETT has had good materials to work with, but he has not used them well. We make no objection, except on the score of taste, to the odd little tags or sentences of artificial and unctuous piety with which he studs his writing, for he is evidently a sincere man yielding to a professional habit; but his book is discursive to weariness, and his information disjointed. He has adopted the chronological form of narrative, and facts about the same tribe have often to be sought at wide intervals. Most Englishmen will, however, gain something from his book; for few Englishmen, we suspect, are aware of the remarkable experiment working itself out in Guiana, of the amazing precipitate of man which has gradually there deposited itself under British protection. Imagine a tropical Delta, or a series of three Deltas, 200 miles in breadth, and of an almost unknown depth into the interior, pierced by many rivers, and inhabited, so far as it is inhabited at all — that is, on the coast — by almost every dusky race under the sun, — native "Americans," savage as the Red Indians, but more amenable to authority; negroes, Portuguese from Madeira, Hindoos from Bengal and the Nerbudda Valley, Mohammedans from all parts of India, Pagans from the Nagpore jungles, and Chinese from the Southern provinces. Of the 100,000 immigrants imported within 30 years of the Emancipation, 50,000 were from India, some of them Mussulmans who still observe the Mohurrun; and more

Hindoos who tried to establish the Churuck Pooja or Swinging Festival, but were prevented by the Government; 25,000 were negroes; 20,000 Portuguese of Madeira, nominally Catholic, and some, 50,000 or so Chinese, who have either no religion at all or adopt that of the ruling race. The tongues spoken are endless, the varieties of civilization as numerous, but still above them all calmly sits the Englishman, insisting on order, and in the main securing it, except when circumstances bring to light the inexplicable antipathy entertained by the Chinaman for the negro, an antipathy apparently deeper seated than that of the Anglo-Saxon. Among them all, the least known and the most interesting are the Aborigines, whom the Government for many reasons, — the principal, perhaps, being that we, and not they, are the intruders, — have very much let alone. They have, however, an attraction for the Missionaries, and the author of this volume has resided years among them, and appears to have visited some of their most sequestered retreats. He is a keen observer, a fair draughtsman, and the work leaves a strong impression of his personal truthfulness, — not an invariable quality of explorers.

The general type of the natives of Guiana is quite uniform. "Their skin is of a copper tint, a little darker than that of the natives of Southern Europe. Their hair is straight and coarse, and continues jet black till an advanced period of life. Their eyes are also black and keen, and their sight and hearing very acute." The men wear nothing of their own accord but a strip of cotton about the loins, and on festivals coronals of feathers; and the women small aprons of beads, and necklaces either of beads or teeth taken from wild animals; but the Missionaries teach them some rules of dress as essential to godly, or at all events to decorous, life. They dwell in thatched huts with sloping roofs, which usually contain two apartments, one for the man and his goods, the other for the women and children. Most of them allow polygamy, throw the drudgery of life on their women, and are expert both with the bow and arrow and the blow-pipe, a weapon almost peculiar to themselves. Thus far they differ little from other savages, and especially from the Aborigines of India, but they have a few customs peculiar to themselves. The most remarkable of these is their mode of avenging murder. When any one is put to death the sorcerer of the tribe indicates the murderer, and the nearest relative then goes through certain ceremonies, which end in his becoming a

* *The Indian Tribes of Guiana.* By Rev. W. H. Brett. London: Bell and Daldy.

"Kanaima," that is, a man possessed with the deity of that name. He devotes himself to the slaughter of the murderer, or some one of his family, lives by rule, and appears to work himself up to a state of madness, in which he is as dangerous as a wild beast. When his victim is found he first renders him dumb by pressing poison into his mouth, then kills him; and then if the relatives remove the body visits his grave to run a stake through his heart, in order that he may taste it. If he can fulfil all these ceremonies he goes home composed, if not, he wanders on till overtaken by madness or starvation. This custom is dying out on the coast, but is still preserved in the interior, and, perhaps, accounts for the dislike of many tribes to quarrelling. The uniformity of the native clans is only apparent, as the word "native" includes several tribes, notably the Arawaks, Acawoios, Waraues, and Caribs. The Arawaks, or Lokono, are a gentle tribe, much favoured by the Dutch, who take readily to Christianity and civilization, seldom quarrel, and would, but for a tendency to get drunk on chewed cassava, very much resemble the less civilized inhabitants of Bengal. They are willing to learn, are interested in maps and pictures, and exhibit, as we gather from several anecdotes, a livelier conscience than most semi-civilized people. The Waraues seem to be precisely like the Sonthals, cling to the coast, are indolent, but capable of hard labour, and, unlike most American savages, are of a jovial disposition. The Acawoios are a fiercer tribe, who combine the avocation of traders and pirates. They undertake immense journeys, which they make in armed parties, to Venezuela or Brazil, usually massacring the people of any village *en route* not strong enough to resist them. They are brave to audacity, and are dreaded by their neighbours, and exhibit the phenomenon, rare, though not unknown among savages, of discontent with their own creed. In 1845 an impostor, supposed to have been a white man, summoned them to encamp in a sort of paradise, as he described it, and they marched in in hundreds from all parts of their territory, received orders from a concealed voice, and remained encamped, waiting apparently for a new revelation, till after twelve months' delay they came to the conclusion that they had been duped by the Devil. Once civilized, they become excellent Christians. "Quiet resolution and strength of purpose seem to be characteristic of this more than of any other aboriginal tribe; and they enter thoroughly into whatever business they

take in hand, whether it be for evil or for good. So at least we found it with this clan, then separate from all their brethren. Having believed and embraced Christianity, they were evidently trying to live up to it. Of those who first came to us, there remained, in a few years, not one unbaptised, nor a couple unmarried." It appears that even in the wild state their women are chaste, and they are probably the only savages in the world who habitually speak low, — a mark of a character given to self-restraint. Even the Acawoios, however, yield both in courage and cruelty, to the Caribs, the warrior tribe which once ruled the whole of this region, was declared by the Dutch to eat its enemies, and was unquestionably fierce and courageous beyond any other in America. The Caribs are now comparatively civilized, though still liable to ferocious bursts of passion, and in Guiana, as everywhere, they are rapidly dying out. On the Corentyn, the eastern boundary of the colony, rude carvings are constantly seen in places whence the human race has died out, the Caribs having apparently worn themselves out with war, slave-hunting, and the orgies to which the latter habit gave rise. They had probably adopted, moreover, some habit of infanticide, for in 1866 the average of children among a few scattered families which still remained was only one per couple. In one place where they had been numerous, only 29 Caribs remained, still honoured by the Indians of other tribes as the descendants of a once irresistible race. The same decline is visible in all provinces, and this not only within our rule, but in districts which no white man has ever visited — a strange fact, as it disposes of one plausible theory, that the presence of Europeans impresses the native imagination till, hopeless of rivalling or enduring the invaders, they perish of melancholy. At all events, unlike the aborigines of India and the negroes, they are perishing, and officials expect speedily to record their extinction.

The creed of all these races seems to be of the same kind, a general belief in a Supreme being, and a special belief in evil spirits, furies or demons whom he allows to torment mankind — an idea almost universal among races who have found nature hostile. They hold that man was created by God, or His son Sign, and tell wild and poetic legends to account for the natural facts around them. They believe in the future life, and bury their dead upright to show that they are not beasts, and have a tradition of a deluge, and like other American Indians repeat stories of great men

who taught them improvements and then "went upwards." The Warnus are said to hold a belief about the fall of man not widely differing from that of the author of Genesis, indeed, so like it, that we are inclined to suspect Mr. Brett of a too credulous attention to a native who had heard the Christian account. There is, however, little evidence that any tribe in Guiana had ever reached a civilized stage, and some that they were once wilder than they are, Mr. Brett having discovered great mounds of shells filled with the skeletons of men who had evidently been eaten, the bones having been carefully cracked to extract the marrow. The modern Indians speak with horror of cannibalism, and Mr. Brett, who knows them so thoroughly, apparently regrets the extinction which seems to be their doom. They will be replaced, it seems clear, either by a composite race, with negro blood predominating in its veins, a race hardy, prolific, and somewhat untamable; or by Chinese, whom the Europeans greatly prefer to all other immigrants, as they bring with them, at all events, the capacity for speedy civilization. The Chinaman, it is well known, prospers in all climates, and we may yet discover in Guiana the secret which Lord Dalhousie used to say was beyond English power,—how to govern Chinamen so that their Trades' Unions should not be stronger than the law.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT AND THE WAR —AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

WE find the following interesting anecdote in a letter to the *Evening Post*. We have reason to know that its statements are strictly correct. As an act of justice to Commodore Vanderbilt, and as an illustration of his prompt, liberal, and disinterested patriotism, it is worthy of preservation among the most interesting incidents of our great civil war.

New York Times.

To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:—

No private citizen has probably ever shown more patriotism than Cornelius Vanderbilt. His liberality to the Government during the darkest period of the rebellion should be recorded in the heart of every true American, and his example handed down to animate remotest ages. All this was proved in this way. Mr. Stanton, while Secretary of War, had, from his scouts within the rebel lines, ascertained that the rebels had about completed their iron-clad

called the *Merrimac*, and that she would soon leave Richmond, prepared to destroy our fleet and burn our towns, without meeting with any power that could probably resist her. The whole country was alarmed, as well as the Government.

Under these circumstances a special agent was directed by telegraph to wait upon Commodore Vanderbilt at 11 o'clock at night and ask him for what sum of money he could agree to blockade this iron-clad and keep her from getting out of port. Commodore Vanderbilt instantly said to the agent:—

"Telegraph to Mr. Stanton that I will see him at once," and went immediately to Washington, called upon Mr. Stanton, and said to him: "I have come on about this business. Who is there to be consulted? If any one, call him, as I have no time to talk it over twice." Mr. Stanton replied, "The President, Mr. Lincoln, must be consulted." "Then," said the Commodore, "let us go to his house at once," which they did.

Mr. Lincoln said: "Can you stop this iron-clad?" The Commodore replied: "Yes, at least there are nine chances out of ten I can. I will take my ship, the *C. Vanderbilt*, cover her machinery, &c., with 500 bales of cotton, raise the steam, and rush her with overwhelming force on the iron-clad, and sink her before she can escape, or cripple us." Mr. Lincoln then said: "How much money will you demand for such a service?" Commodore Vanderbilt replied that the Government had not money enough to hire him; that he had not come to speculate upon the trials of his country, but to try and help her in this her hour of need; that he would give them his ship without charge; that he would instantly order her by telegraph to be equipped and on her way toward Richmond in thirty-six hours, which was done, she sailing under the order of one of his own captains, and the Commodore in person on board.

Having reached Hampton Roads, among our blockading squadron, the Commander of the fleet went on board the ship. After some consultation, Commodore Vanderbilt asked him if the iron-clad would probably come out. The Commander replied: "She will." "Then," said Commodore Vanderbilt, "I have one favor to ask of you, and that is, if she should come, you will keep your fleet out of the way, that I may have room to sink her." The iron-clad, as is well known, did come out, and was disabled and put back by the *Monitor*, sent from New York. The object being accomplished, Commodore Vanderbilt left his ship and

came home, and has never asked or received one cent for his ship, ever since held as Government property, and which at the moment they took her was worth fully \$1,500,000. Instead of giving them this sum he could have made almost any terms for himself.

This interview with the President and Secretary at once enabled them to see that they had in their presence an extraordinary man. Mr. Lincoln said: "Can you not turn one of your other ships into an iron-clad?" "Yes," was the reply, "I think I can, and have her ready in six weeks; but must first consult my engineers and head-builders; my price for this smaller ship will be \$500,000." Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Stanton and said: "We accept these terms—it is a bargain." Commodore Vanderbilt at once gave orders to equip this smaller ship, and see if she was capable for what she was intended. After some time, during which she had been nearly cased in bar iron, the Commodore found, to his regret, that he could not make her what was needed, and he at once released the Government from their contract, and thus relieved his noble gift from all suspicion of receiving with it any pecuniary advantage.

These great transactions should be commemorated on canvas. The historian will

charge himself with the duty of handing them down to posterity; the school-books will contain the account, and the eyes of children yet unborn will glisten as they read and reflect upon such true and lofty patriotism; which is an invaluable inheritance to our country, and should be placed on the same shelf in the archives where are deposited the famous deeds of our most distinguished men.

Noble, generous, and self-sacrificing as all this is, its brilliancy is obscured by the absence of all ostentation in the quiet, retiring and unpretending manner in which the great work was done.

In 1813, the Austrian Government being distressed for money, they went to the Rothschilds, who granted a loan, probably as a mere business transaction. So great was the gratitude of the Emperor that he created all the brothers of the eminent house barons, which titles they have since enjoyed, and to which all Europe considers them entitled. No distinguished citizen has ever expressed less desire for notoriety than Commodore Vanderbilt. No man has ever conducted large transactions with a more decided and independent mind, and no man enjoys a higher reputation for gentleness of character, conciliation, and princely liberality to those with whom he contends.

A PLEA FOR THE SEA-BIRDS.

STAY now thine hand!
Proclaim not man's dominion
Over God's works by strewing rocks and sand
With sea-birds' blood-stained plumes and broken
pinion.

Oh, stay thine hand!
Spend not thy days in leisure
In scattering death along the peaceful strand.
For very wantonness, or pride, or pleasure.

For bird's sake, spare!
Leave it in happy motion
To wheel its easy circles through the air,
Or rest and rock upon the shining ocean.

For man's sake, spare!
Leave him the 'thing of beauty,'

To glance and glide before him everywhere,
And throw a gleam on after days of duty.

For God's sake, spare!
He notes each sea-bird falling,
And in creation's groans marks its sad share,
Its dying cry—for retribution calling.

Oh, stay thine hand!
Cease from this useless slaughter;
For though kind Nature from the rocks and
sand
Washes the stains each day with briny water,

Yet on thine hand,
Raised against God's fair creature,
Beware lest there be found a crimson brand
Indelible by any force of Nature.

Churchman's Family Magazine.